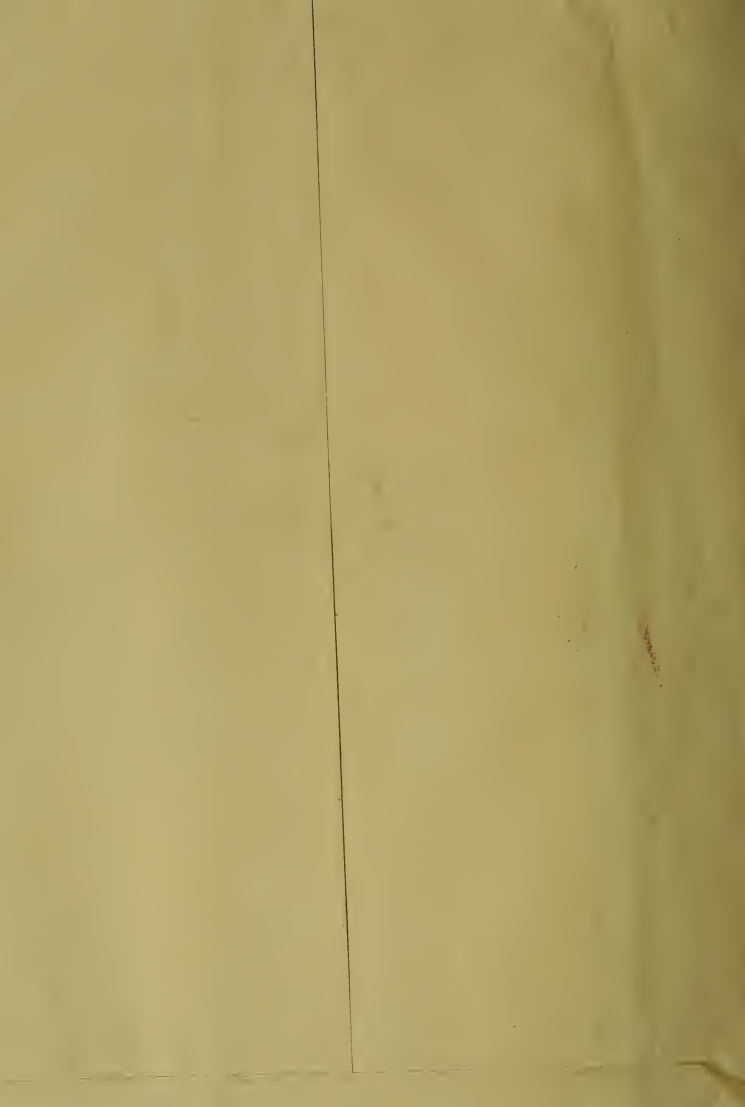


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# CRUISE

OF THE

## U. S. S. "POWHATAN"

THROUGH THE WEST INDIES.

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JANUARY-JUNE, 1885.

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INCLUDING THE SIEGE OF CARTHAGENA AND THE  
BURNING OF ASPINWALL,

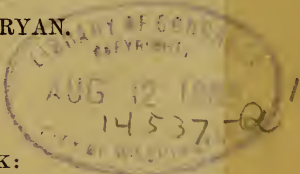
By STEPHEN RYAN.

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NEW YORK:

Press of RICH. G. HOLLAMAN, 73 and 75 Fulton Street.

1885.



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# DEDICATION

TO THE  
OFFICERS AND MEN  
OF THE  
U.S.S. "POWHATAN."

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I HAVE written this little book for your amusement and the amusement and information of your friends at home.

If the perusal of this account of our West Indian cruise, and of the siege of Carthagena be a source of pleasure to you and your friends, my ambition is gratified.

I respectfully present it to you in an abridged form in prose and at greater length in verse, and as you are aware that I had to contend with difficulties while engaged at the composition I trust that you will be generous in your criticism.

I have endeavored, in these few pages, to convey as much information as possible and at the same time to make it amusing, and I hope that you will not consider me presumptuous for undertaking such a work as I now most respectfully lay before you.

STEPHEN RYAN.

BROOKLYN NAVY YARD, *August 1, 1885.*

1-24165



## STATISTICS OF THE U.S.S. "POWHATAN."

The United States Ship "Powhatan" was built at the Navy Yard, Gosport, (commonly known as Norfolk Navy Yard) Virginia, and launched on February 14th, 1850, at noon. She is a paddle-wheel steamer, originally ship-rigged, but of late years a full bark.

At the present time she has been in commission since February 19th, 1872, attached most of the time to the North Atlantic squadron, but lately on "special service."

Tonnage,	-	-	-	-	-	2,182 tons.
Displacement,	-	-	-	-	-	3,980 "
Length over all,	-	-	-	-	-	281.5 feet.
Length between perpendicular,	-	-	-	-	-	250 "
Beam,	-	-	-	-	-	45 "
Average draft of water forward,	-	-	-	-	-	19 "
Average draft of water aft,	-	-	-	-	-	20 "

She carries on her spar deck a broadside battery of fourteen 9-inch guns, muzzle loaders and smooth bore; two 20-pounders on the hurricane deck, with howitzer and gatling gun, the two latter mounted for field service.

Her engines are of the kind known as "simple double inclined and directing acting," with an indicated horse power of 1100. The cylinders are seventy inches in diameter, with a piston stroke of ten feet. There are four main boilers, horizontal fire-tube pattern, and one auxillary boiler of the old superheated type. Heating surface, 12,000 square feet; steam room, 2,980 cubic feet; capacity of coal bunkers, 630 tons.

Under full speed 48 tons of coal are consumed per day; under three-quarter speed 33 tons.

Diameter of paddle wheels,	-	-	-	-	32 feet.
No. of arms and blades,	-	-	-	-	23.
Breadth of blades,	-	-	-	-	10 feet.
Depth of blades,	-	-	-	-	26 inches.
Dip of blades at load line,	-	-	-	-	5.5 feet.
Weight of wheels,	-	-	-	-	97,499 lbs.
Sail area,	-	-	-	-	2,776 sq. yds.
Weight of boilers,	-	-	-	-	315,526 lbs.

About 240 officers have been connected with the ship under her present commission. Between January 1, 1881, and June 15, 1885, she travelled 50,500 miles and consumed 32,000 tons of coal.

## OFFICERS AND CREW OF U. S. S. "POWHATAN."

## OFFICERS.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>
L. A. Beardslee, - -	Captain.	G. E. Hendee, -	Paymaster.
W. H. Brownson, Lt.-Com. & Ex.		H. W. Fitch, -	Chief Engineer.
A. P. Nazro, Lieut. & Navigator.		G. T. Bates, 1st Lieut. U.S.M.C.	
W. F. Low, - -	Lieutenant.	J. A. Tobin, -	P. A. Engineer.
W. Kilburn,	"	J. P. Mickley,	"
G. H. Peters, -	Lt. Jr. grade.	R. T. Hall, -	Asst. Engineer.
A. N. Wood, . - -	Ensign.	C. H. Venable, - -	Gunner.
B. C. Dent, - - - -	"	L. L. Martin, - -	Carpenter.
A. C. Almy, - - - -	"	J. W. Wingate, -	Sailmaker.
B. H. Kidder, - -	Surgeon.	F. L. Binder, - -	Pay Clerk.
J. C. Byrnes, -	P. A. Surgeon.		

## PETTY OFFICERS.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Rate.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Rate.</i>
J. E. Holland, Master-at-Arms.		C. Thompson, -	Qr. Gunner.
J. K. Vaughan, - -	Yeoman.	L. P. Peterson, -	"
L. R. Powell, -	Eng.	G. W. Bowen, - -	"
E. V. Hickock, -	Pay	Ole Nelson, - - -	Coxswain.
H. Wimmer, - -	Apothecary.	Peter Nagel, - - -	"
J. D. Ross, - -	Machinist.	H. Peterson, - - -	"
G. W. Sands, - - -	"	L. Kollmorgan, - -	"
T. F. Gallagher, -	Boilermaker.	C. H. Jackson, - - -	C. of T.
F. W. Jepson, -	Ship's Writer.	L. Marquay, - - -	"
F. Gillespie, - -	C. B. Mate.	M. Anderson, - - -	"
W. H. Whitcomb, -	B. Mate.	J. Hines, - - - -	"
T. Dempsey, - - -	"	C. Baxter, - - -	C. of A. Guard.
D. Kennedy, - - -	G. Mate.	G. Marke, - - -	"
J. Patterson, - -	Carp. Mate.	J. T. Graham, - - -	Bugler.
W. Donovan, - - -	Armorer.	M. Packard, - - -	Painter.
J. G. Lapham, -	Blacksmith.	J. J. Byrnes, - - -	Corporal.
J. Gaughran, - -	S. M. Mate.	C. McMahon, - - -	C. of H.
H. W. Albee, -	C. Q. Master.	C. C. Pearce, - - -	"
James Brown, - - -	C. F. C.	J. Coughlin, - - -	S. Cook.
Thomas Collins, - -	"	S. M. Boardway, - - -	Barber.
J. M. Johnson, - -	Qr. Master.	John Edwards, - - -	Cabin Sd.
F. Kircher, - - -	"	A. Martin, - - - -	" Ck.
M. Scanlon, - - -	"	T. Shikawa, - - -	W. R. S.
M. Kennedy, - -	Qr. Gunner.	Kanikichi, - - -	W. R. C.

## RATED MEN.

A. A. C. Goetzee, -	C. & Caulk.	A. Austin, - -	Lamptrimmer.
C. Levith, - - -	"	K. Wonsouki, - -	Stg. Stwd.
W. Szillat, - - -	"	W. H. Johnson, -	" Cook.



## RATED MEN.—CONTINUED.

A. Erickson, - - -	J. of D.	G. Lipsking, -	W. O. Steward.
H. A. Brinkley, - -	Bayman.	O. Tomigoro, -	" Cook.
B. Dahmes, - - -	W. R. S.	Moses Benrimo,	Stg. "
A. Peisler, - - -	W. R. C.		

## SEAMEN.

T. Murray,.	A. Petterson,	J. Palmquest,	N. Doland,
F. Day,	P. H. Peterson,	W. Kentle,	D. B. Slater,
J. W. Crowse,	J. Gustafson,	H. Wilkins,	T. B. Peterson,
H. Nelson,	R. Kooiman,	C. Osborne,	A. Mitchell,
P. Jensen,	H. C. Neilson,	H. Osborne,	C. Richards,
M. Scanlon,	A. Christensen,	G. Blumenthal,	F. R. Borst,
G. Maxwell,	J. Ostensen,	A. Larson,	T. Eason.
J. C. Branet,	C. Mahoney,	C. Schmett,	

## ORDINARY SEAMEN.

L. Anderson,	F. Beaurard,	J. McPherson,	C. Weichert,
M. Abel,	T. Chandler,	P. Nesbitt,	P. J. Waage,
R. Bolling.	C. Dirtrich,	A. Pedersen,	W. Smith,
B. Salisbury,	A. Edlund,	T. H. Sloane,	B. Cook,
A. Bastholm,	P. Janson,	F. Stanislav,	T. Weascoat.
F. Brandt,	O. L. Lee,	G. Bridge,	
T. Boyle,	O. Wendel,	L. Weber,	

## LANDSMEN.

L. Beck,	J. Leardie,	W. Johnson,	Sukai,
J. Grear,	W. J. Flood,	H. Monroe,	S Kimouski,
G. E. Gicker,	J. Gorman,	H. F. Kessler,	Sataro,
R. Harrison,	G. H. Murphy,	M. Tobin,	Kama Kichi,
W. Rehbein,	H. Hanson,	Kisho,	R Tenabe.
M. Laude.	J. Darcy,	Himyto,	W. H. Fuller.
H. Truland,	C. H. Jones,	Yoshida,	L. Berthoff.
J. Berry.	W. C Williams.	G. Carroll.	
J. Jacobs.	J. Johnson.		

## WATER TENDERS.

M. Grady,	J. Doyle,	P. M. Cann.
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## OILERS.

J. Horan,	D. Carey,	F. T. S. Albee.
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## FIRST-CLASS FIREMEN.

C. Leary,	G. Ufford,	E. Sweeney,	M. McPhillamy,
P. D. Nolan,	J. Clifford,	W. Sweeney,	P. Eagan.

## SECOND-CLASS FIREMEN.

W. Bocker,	P. McLaughlin,	F. Diederich,	M. Nolan,
S. Murphy,	H. Thompson,	T. Farley,	F. Nelson.
P. J. Boyle,	M. O'Connell,	J. Maguire,	
E. Kirk,	J. A. Finn,	F. Peterson,	

## COALHEAVERS.

M. J. McCue,	T. Moynihan,	G. H. Pratt,	E. F. Turbett,
W. Baker,	M. Conner,	O. Connolly,	F. Austin,
W. Murphy,	G. Sheldon,	P. Harrington,	F. Fritz,
J. Burns,	D. O'Brien,	H. A. Bachman,	P. Shillue,
L. Jefferson,	J. A. Farrell,	M. Hynes,	L. Geshwind.
E. J. George,	J. Riley,	H. Engelke,	
O. McCarthy,	S. Prince,	F. McGrath.	

## MARINES.

C. E. Reefer, 1st Sergt.	P. White,	Priv't.	J. H. Mille,	Priv't.
E. Veith,	"	J. Hayes,	"	N. Swan.
A. Cameron, Corporal.	M. Callaghan,	"	T. Shea,	"
C. H. Broome,	"	H. A. Stockfleth,	"	P. Shea,
H. V. Sherman,	"	A. Rennefeld,	"	J. Langon,
H. Baxter, Bugler.	J. P. Lynwood,	"	J. H. Bush,	"
J. M. Anderson, Priv't.	H. Connors,	"	T. Ludlow,	"
P. Murphy,	"	J. C. Dougherty,	"	W. H. O'Connor,
J. Montague,	"	W. J. Harvey,	"	H. P. Doherty,
S. Ryan,	"	J. Cornet,	"	E. J. O. Murray,
E. Ryan,	"	E. Carlton,	"	E. M. Steele, Bugler.
T. B. Lowrie,	"	H. Mead,	"	A. J. Milstead, Drum'r.

## SEAMEN APPRENTICES—FIRST-CLASS.

F. H. Bashfoot,	G. Hittinger,	Chas. Lloyd,	S. P. Smallfield,
J. Clunie,	G. W. Jones,	R. C. Maret,	F. H. Whitney,
E. S. Carr,	A. M. Kitchen,	N. H. Plimley,	W. H. Wilson,
M. H. Cox,	S. S. Lawrence,	W. Simpson,	G. Wrightington.
W. F. Dains,			

## SEAMEN APPRENTICES—SECOND-CLASS.

Geo. Dyon,	S. Gotthardt,	Irving Sweeney.
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## CRUISE OF THE

## U.S.S. "POWHATAN" THROUGH THE WEST INDIES.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1885,

INCLUDING AN ACCOUNT OF THE CIVIL WAR AT

CARTHAGENA, U. S. C., BURNING OF ASPINWALL, Etc.

We had been lying about two months at the navy yard, Norfolk, Va., and had not the remotest idea of spending the Winter in the West Indies, or of witnessing the terrible civil war at Carthagenia which we subsequently did. As the "Powhatan" had not been at the West Indies for two years, and because of the loss of the U. S. S. "Tallapoosa," which vessel had been chiefly used as a freight and transport ship, to fill the place of which our ship, the "Powhatan," was well adapted, it was generally believed that we should be kept in the States during the remainder of the time our vessel should remain in commission.

During the Christmas holidays vague rumors were afloat as to the future movements of the "Powhatan," and when we first heard the West Indian rumour, we laughed at it; indeed, a man-of-war, of all the places in the world is, perhaps, the greatest place for the circulation of false rumours, as any person who has spent one month in the navy can testify.

During the early days of January the rumor was getting strong, and by the 4th it was implicitly believed, and to make it short, on Saturday, January 10th, about 2 P. M., we left the navy yard, and (after a delay of a couple of hours at Fort Norfolk, just below the city of Norfolk, and almost within pistol shot of it, for the purpose of getting in powder from the naval magazine there), we steamed quickly away, and without delaying for a moment at Hampton Roads, we passed Fortress Monroe and proceeded straight out to sea, and by night-fall had left the capes on our stern and were on the main ocean bound, in the first place, for the island of San Domingo, after which we were to visit Jamaica and a couple of ports on the northern coast of South America, whence we were to proceed to Key West, Florida, to await orders.

The voyage was very pleasant and in a few days we found ourselves in the trade winds, the atmosphere of which we found to be most salubrious; in fact, if we had never been told so we should feel it instinctively.

On Saturday, January 17th, being just seven days at sea, land was sighted on our port bow, and in a couple of hours we skirted it by. It proved to be one of the Turk islands which belong to the crown of Great Britain, and proceeding along we, in a few hours, passed another of the Turk islands on our starboard beam, and on the next

morning, Sunday, January 18th, arrived in front of the small, but rather famous town of Puerta Platta, Dominican Republic, island of San Domingo, which island consists of two distinct and independent States, namely: Hayti and San Domingo, or the Dominican Republic, though the name "Hayti," which is an Indian word, was at one time applied to the whole island, and is sometimes even yet.

Puerta Platta is a small town of perhaps a thousand inhabitants, but we did not have the pleasure of stopping there, we simply hove to and did not cast anchor, the Captain sending an officer ashore in a small boat to visit the American Consul, and upon the return of this boat we again put to sea and next day, Monday, the 19th, we entered the harbor of Cape Haytien City, Republic of Hayti, which consists of about a third part of the entire island of San Domingo.

In the harbor of Cape Haytien City we remained at anchor for eleven days, during which time the famous encounter between "The Rival Coxswains" came off on the forecastle, which we have endeavoured to immortalize by the poem on the subject to be found on another page of this work.

We were visited here by the Governor of the town and his staff, all of whom were colored men, which was the first occasion in the lives of most of our ship's company in which we had the pleasure of seeing members of the colored race treated with anything more than ordinary courtesy.

On Wednesday, January 29th, we had target practise with small arms, every man in the ship firing three rounds; and next day, the 30th, we sailed from Cape Haytien and spending one night at sea, we arrived next day, the 31st, at the harbor of Saint Nicholas' Mole, having first had target practice at sea with big guns before entering the harbor. Thomas Collins, Captain of the forecastle, and Charles H. Jackson, Captain of the foretop, were the two best marksmen on this occasion.

Saint Nicholas's Mole is a small village with a little fort on the shore in which we could see a couple of gaps in the sea wall, the result, probably, of a bombardment from some man-of-war, as the history of this country from the time of its first colonization by the Europeans to the present time has been one continued succession of conspiracies, insurrections, wars and revolutions. Saint Nicholas' Mole is remarkable as having been one of the first places in the New World visited by the great Columbus, who gave it the name it now bears. We remained one day at Saint Nicholas, putting to sea again on Sunday, February 1st, arriving next day at Port au Prince, the capital of the Republic of Hayti and the residence of the President.

On the seventh day of our stay at Port au Prince, Salomon, the President of the Republic, who is a full-blooded negro, accompanied by his wife, who is a French woman, and his staff, which consisted of

about twenty-five gentlemen, all being negroes and the majority of full blood, and all being arrayed in the most magnificent attire, came aboard our vessel on a visit of state and were received with the greatest honors. The officers, sailors and marines were all in their best to receive them, and it was quite a holiday aboard. On the evening of the same day (February 9th) a small steamer steamed up beside our gangway, aboard of which there was a fine tender bull, a present to our ship's company from the President of the Republic.

Next day, February 10th, we put to sea and for dinner this day the President's bull was served out to the entire ship's company and was much relished by all, and next day, the 11th, we entered the harbor of Aux Cayes, which is a poor looking place with only a few houses that we could see. We remained here but one day when we again sailed, arriving in twenty hours at Jacmel, which is a beautiful little place, but we only remained here a couple of hours when we again put to sea and that very regretfully because the place was so beautiful, the houses so grand looking that we were all quite in love with it, but we have no voice in the movements of our ships. Next day, the 14th, we arrived in San Domingo City, the capital of the Dominican Republic, where we remained for three days. San Domingo is remarkable as having been the first city built in the New World, having been founded by Columbus and his brothers, although the location of the present city is not the exact spot on which the original city was built. It is the oldest seaport in the New World and was, for the first half century of its existence, a very important place, indeed. For the last three centuries it is a very dull place.

Almost the entire coast of the island of San Domingo is mountainous, large mountain ranges completely overhanging the sea, behind which are ranges of valleys, to the rear of which are other ranges of mountains, so that it is a very mountainous country, indeed.

We left San Domingo City on February 17th, and on the 19th we perceived the mountains of Jamaica on our starboard bow, and we were completely taken aback by their immense height and grandeur. We had considered the mountains of San Domingo very high, but they are only little hills in comparison with the stupendous mountains of Jamaica. We entered a beautiful harbor where there is a navy yard, the property of the English government, to whom the island of Jamaica belongs. Three English men-of-war were lying here, one at the yard and two at anchor in the harbor near. This place is called Port Royal, and we immediately cast anchor (February 19th), and soon our ship was besieged by about two dozen small boats full of women, some of whom were washerwomen seeking for clothes to wash, and more had large baskets of fruit for sale, oranges, bananas, etc.

Next day we steamed six miles further up the harbor and cast an-

chor in front of the city of Kingston, which is the capital of the island and the residence of the Governor. Kingston is a very clean looking city and shows more signs of civilization than any of the cities of San Domingo. We remained here for six days, during which time we went alongside the wharf and coaled ship and were much surprised when we saw the coaling done by women, of whom there were about thirty-five, all being full-blooded negroes, and bearing on their faces the appearance of hard work. This work, so unnatural to the sex, has changed their appearance to such an extent that they look more like men than women.

On Thursday, February 26th, we left Kingston, arriving in two days at Savanilla, United States of Colombia, formerly called New Granada, on the continent of South America, and here we heard of a rebellion being in the country, and that a large force of rebels had passed on the early part of the same day within a few miles of Savanilla, and were in the act of marching on Carthagena, an ancient and important seaport in the same country, about sixty miles from Savanilla. In consequence of this intelligence we left Savanilla the next morning, Sunday, March 1st, and on the afternoon of the same day we entered the harbor of Carthagena.

As we ascended the harbor towards the city we passed between two forts, one of which, Fort San Fernando on our port side, was occupied by government soldiers, of whom we saw about a score; and sailing on we soon got a good view of the city, passing between two other forts, one on our port side called Castel le Grande, was held by government soldiers, or unionists, as they were called, and the other fort facing it on our starboard side, called Fort Manzanillo, was unoccupied on the day we entered the harbor, but three days after the rebels took possession of it. Forts Manzanillo and Castel le Grande are about a mile asunder and being occupied by garrisons of the opposite sides, the soldiers in both forts have ample opportunity of firing at each other, which opportunity they availed themselves of, as we afterwards saw, to their hearts' content on both sides, under our very eyes, week after week, day and night, and as at both sides, they kept as much as possible under cover, behind their stone walls, they thus had the great advantage, or rather glory, of continual fighting with only very small risk to life or limb at either side.

A short distance above the two forts, or nearly a mile below the city, we dropped anchor, and very soon our Consul came aboard the ship and we learned a few particulars about the war. A civil war, in most cases, is the result of a rebellion on the part of some of the citizens, or subjects, against the established government, and this Colombian civil war is no exception to the general rule.

The government troops, under the command of General San Domingo, held the City of Carthagena upon which the rebels, under the



command of General Gaitan, were marching, and a day or two after our arrival the rebels arrived outside the city and laid it under siege. They first took possession of the Convent on the top of the hill overlooking the city, which General Gaitan made his headquarters.

On the 4th of March, which was the third day after our arrival, the first shot was fired by the rebels against the walls of the town. Carthagea is a walled town, which is a very rare thing in the New World. It was built early in the sixteenth century by the Spaniards, and a good many of the houses are built in the style used by the Spanish nobility. Both parties being very much wanting in arms and ammunition, and having no big guns of any account at either side, the firing was without much result. Some marines were sent ashore on the night of March 4th, and on two other nights within a week to protect the American Consul's house in case the rebels should get into the city. The rebels fired no artillery against the city of any account until the night of the 16th of March, when they commenced a heavy cannonade but their fire now, as well as all their previous fire, was directed almost entirely against the walls, and it was evident that they did not go in for taking life. Previous to this they had contented themselves with firing their small guns chiefly, and had, in the meantime, been mounting their battery on the old castle of San Philip, close by the city. The firing from the castle, and the return fire from the city, now went on slowly but continually day and night. Aboard the U. S. S. "Powhatan" we could see and hear every big gun fired at both sides, and almost all the musket firing as well. On the night of March 16th, much damage was done in the city by the fire from the castle, and about the same time we were requested by the rebel General to remove out of the line of fire, and we retired about half a league further down the channel, but no extraordinary fighting occurred after.

On March 20th, after a stay of nineteen days, we left Carthagea for Aspinwall, chiefly for the purpose of getting in some fresh provisions, as nothing in the way of provisions was to be had in the blockaded city of Carthagea; the only provisions which we got while lying there were purchased in the rebel villages down the harbor at some distance from the city, whither one of our boats went almost every day, and a couple of times a week the paymaster or clerk went ashore to the rebel camp, where there was a regular market, and bought a bull or a cow for the ship's company. The beef was always bought alive and killed ashore by three of our ship's company—William Bocker, Frank Day and Henry Bachman, who are butchers. After a voyage of one day we anchored before the City of Aspinwall, March 21st, and found the place in possession of the rebels, but it afterwards turned out that the man who held the position of Governor of Aspinwall was not appointed by the recognized rebel authority. It turned out that

this man, whose name is Preston, imposed himself upon the mob as a rebel leader, and when an opportunity offered he put himself at the head of as large a force of men as he could persuade to place themselves under his leadership and took possession of the town, which he governed for a short time with a wisdom worthy of Solomon, and during the few days that we lay at Aspinwall the place was remarkably quiet, but this state of things did not continue, as we shall very soon see. The U. S. S. "Galena" was lying at Aspinwall at the time, and a good part of the ship's company was ashore for the protection of American interests, but yet the place was very quiet, as Mr. Preston had not come out in his true colors yet.

After a stay of four days at Aspinwall we sailed again for Carthage, March 25th, and arrived there in three days, March 28th. Next day, Sunday, March 29th, we witnessed a very hot naval engagement at 2.30 P. M., a little below us, on the harbor, perhaps about a mile off. The rebel navy, in this engagement, consisted of two small steamers full of soldiers, one of them being named after the rebel General, "Gaitan." The other rebel boat was named "Commancho Roldan." There was only one government or union ship engaged, the bark "Colombia," which was only a few days in commission; but, in fact, of the three vessels engaged in this battle at both sides, I believe not one was in commission more than a week. The bark "Colombia," was slowly sailing seaward when one of the rebel steamers, the "Gaitan," or "Gamecock," which was her former name, approached her and they commenced a slow fire of shell on each other. Aboard the "Powhatan" word was passed that "all men wishing to go up in the rigging to witness the battle may do so," and almost everybody went aloft, where we had a very clear view of the battle, as the belligerents were only a trifle over a mile from us, and the day was very fine and clear. We saw the bark and the "Gaitan" slowly firing shell and shot on each other with an occasional musket shot on both sides. The shells fell pretty close and the "Gaitan" and "Colombia" were both slightly injured. The "Gaitan," after receiving a shell on her beam, commenced to steam quickly out of the line of fire, when another boat, smaller in size, was seen to approach from behind a headland at a short distance. As she was coming near the bark she commenced shelling and cast three or four shells completely beyond the mark, almost striking her consort, the "Gaitan," instead of the bark. We began to think she was a government boat on account of the way her shells fell, and were almost confirmed in this opinion by seeing her steam quite close up to the bark without any shots being fired from one to the other that we could see. In two minutes she commenced to steam quickly away from the bark and commenced at once to shell her, which fire was promptly returned. We were now thoroughly undeceived as to the opinion which we had, for a moment,



formed that the second gunboat was a union boat. In a few minutes she steamed back to the bark, firing a heavy stream of shot and shell all the time, which was seconded by the "Gaitan," which, at the same time, kept at a respectful distance, both fires being returned by the bark with a vigorous stream of shell and musketry. The "Commancho Roldan" steamed up beside the bark, and so close that they must have touched each other, and for ten minutes there was a fearful fire of shell and musketry between them. We now felt certain that one would take or sink the other, and it was a fearful time, indeed. At length the "Commancho Roldan" steamed away from the bark, and, when about forty feet off, a barrel of gunpowder on her deck, having been struck by a splinter or bullet from the bark, a fearful explosion occurred. She continued steaming away nearly in the direction of her consort, still keeping up a heavy stream of musketry on the bark, which was vigorously returned. The bark slowly sailed seaward, and the rebel boats remained about the same spot for a short time when they retreated from our view behind a headland.

Our surgeon, Dr. Byrnes, accompanied by the bayman, Harry Brinkley, followed and overtook the "Commancho" and offered his services in favor of the wounded, which were most gratefully accepted. The doctor found two men mortally and nine men slightly wounded, out of a company of twenty-five men. The military commander of the boat's company, Colonel San Domingo, nephew to General San Domingo, commander of the Union Army, was wounded. The Captain of the boat, who is an American, got such credit for his behavior during the battle that he got the rank of Commodore on the following day, and was put in command of all the rebel ships lying at Carthagena. His name is Eckert, and he was born at Philadelphia. The doctor visited the other rebel boat, "Gaitan," and the union bark, "Colombia," but found only one man wounded in each.

For the next three weeks the city continued in a state of siege, completely blockaded by the enemy, and having no communication with the outside world except the visits of our steam launch, which was very near being struck on two occasions, one time by a couple of bullets which whizzed past the ears of the officers, marines and boat's company. This happened during our first stay at Carthagena, and on the other occasion a splinter of shell fell within a few feet of the launch, but it is believed that on both occasions it was accidental.

The union fighting ships "Raphael Nunez" and "Union," and another steamer, which was bought from an American while we were lying at Carthagena, used to steam down the bay two or three times a week, firing at the rebel fort Manzanillo, which fire was always returned by the fort, with no loss of life on either side. During these three weeks Forts Manzanillo and Castel le Grande generally fired two shots at each other every twenty-four hours, so that we were

beginning to get sick of the place. I do not believe that there were three men wounded during these three weeks. Our boats went ashore almost every day to the rebel villages to buy some provisions, which were very dear, but in the city provisions went to an enormous price.

About two days after our second arrival at Carthagena we heard bad news from Aspinwall. Preston, the self-appointed Governor, seeing that he could not hold the place against the Union Army, which had the city besieged, burned the city down, sparing only the American and English consulates and one or two other buildings, and then evacuated the city, when the Union Army immediately took possession, the rebels retreating towards Panama. Preston, for the last few days of his administration, governed the place with a high hand, indeed. He put the American and English Consuls into prison without cause, and was guilty of several other most extravagant and uncalled-for acts of tyranny, which was only in keeping with his previous character of usurper. In consequence of this a large force of sailors and marines was sent specially from Brooklyn, Boston, Portsmouth, N.H., Philadelphia and Norfolk navy yards, and arrived unexpectedly at Aspinwall for the protection of the Panama railroad, which is owned by an American company. The whole North Atlantic fleet, under the command of Admiral Jouett, arrived in Aspinwall about the same time. Sailors and marines were landed and put in possession of all the railway company's buildings, and a small force of sailors and marines, well armed, were placed upon every train going across the isthmus.

On Sunday, April 19th, another battle took place below Carthagena, between the village of Boca Chica and the island of Baru. The Union Army, or rather navy, under the command of General San Domingo, left the city on their three men-of-war, which, in reality, were only what we would call river steamers. They are called stern-wheelers, being all propelled by one paddle at the stern, which is a very common thing in the West Indies and on the Mississippi, and this class of steamer may be sometimes seen in New York. The sailors of the "Powhatan" nicknamed them "Wet Stern Janes." The three Wet Stern Janes passed the "Powhatan," steamed down and attacked the rebels at Baru, and the rebel boat "Gaitan," which was lying by the village of Boca Chica, and after a battle which held several hours, of which we aboard the "Powhatan" had but a very poor view, though we could hear the firing. One of the Wet Stern Janes went aground accidentally, and her consorts about the same time, probably finding the place too hot for them, retreated to the city. The rebels fired upon the poor, solitary Wet Stern Jane which the Union soldiers, from her decks, returned promptly until one of her ship's company was killed and four wounded, when they surrendered, and it is said that a good many of her men entered the service of the rebels. The

loss of the rebels was eight killed and fourteen wounded. The captured Wet Stern Jane "Union" went into commission as a rebel man-of-war on the following morning, Monday, April 20th.

On the nights of the 20th and 21st of April heavy firing went on between the rebel castle of San Philip and the city each night up to midnight, and also between the rival forts Manzanillo and Castel le Grande, the flash of fire accompanying each shot being at all times plainly visible to us aboard the "Powhatan," and the report made by each shot was easily heard also. Everybody was expecting that a great, final and decisive battle would take place very soon as the rebels were getting stronger every day. On Sunday, as I mentioned above, they took one of the Wet Stern Janes, with her ship's company, some of whom subsequently embraced the rebel cause, and on the following day a fresh Wet Stern Jane arrived in the harbor with a reinforcement of soldiers for the rebel service, so that the rebel navy now consisted of five ships, and the Unions have only two Wet Stern Janes, as the bark "Colombia" cannot be seen at all lately, and the garrison and poor people of the city are nearly starved out and trying to live on very poor rations. The rebel cause is very much on the lookup and the Union's very much the other way, and on the 24th the five rebel ships were seen approaching the city. The "Powhatan" had, on the day before, shifted her anchorage up to within a short mile of the city so as to be near at hand in case the rebels got possession of the place, when plunderers might break through the town and American citizens may stand in need of protection. The rebel boat "Gaitan" engages fort Castel le Grande, five or six shells and some musket shots are exchanged when the "Gaitan" retires, and in an hour after General Gaitan sent a small boat, under a flag of truce, up to the walls of the city with a letter to the General in command demanding the surrender of the city by 6 p. m. that afternoon, otherwise the whole rebel fleet, land forces and batteries would bombard the town.

At the very hour that the rebel small boat, under the flag of truce, was approaching the city walls with General Gaitan's ultimatum a very noteworthy event occurred aboard the "Powhatan." A sailor, named Weber, accidentally fell overboard, and instantly another sailor, named William Kentle, *alias* Buffalo Bill, jumped in to the rescue; but, as is usual with drowning men, Weber, who is very strong and able, collared on to poor Bill, who was very near coming to grief and had enough to do to save himself from his too affectionate shipmate. In a moment Mr. Brownson, the First Lieutenant, jumped overboard and, in the twinkling of an eye, had got the upperhand of Weber and was in the act of pulling him close by one of the small boats near, when another officer, Lieutenant Almy, throwing his belt and sword aside, jumped overboard and assisted Mr. Brownson in pulling Weber alongside the boat, when William Kentle, who had got

into the boat a moment before, pulled Weber up from the hands of the two officers in the water. Weber had a narrow escape, and the greatest credit is due to Mr. Brownson and Mr. Almy, and also to William Kentle who, although unsuccessful in his struggle with Weber, yet displayed great manhood in thus risking his life to save a shipmate, and the merit of all is enhanced tenfold by the well-known fact that the water around was full of sharks.

At 6 p. m. to the minute (April 24th) the Union fort, Castel le Grande, commenced firing at Manzanillo, which was a very expressive way of saying, "No surrender!" The forts continued firing at each other in the old harmless way, and very early in the night all firing ceased, contrary to what we expected, as we thought the rebels would bombard the town, as they had threatened, but they are biding their time.

In the middle of the night the Union troops evacuated Castel le Grande and the rebels occupied it next day, Saturday the 25th, but not for more than twelve hours after its evacuation by the Unions, as the rebels were not sure of its being evacuated and had to feel their way before sending men ashore to occupy it. Forts Manzanillo and Castel le Grande are no longer enemies; the rebels are now in possession of both and no more can we see them wasting their ammunition and losing their sleep on each other.

On the same day, Saturday, April 25th, the rebel gunboat "Gaitan" comes up to within half a mile of the city, and we all think that the grand assault is going to come off. She fires two or three shells at the city and three or four shots are fired at her from the city walls, one of which passed over her and struck the water twenty feet astern of her, and in two minutes after a ricochet shot struck the water in three places directly forward of her and then bounded directly over her and struck the water in four places directly astern of her, so that she had a narrow escape, indeed, and in a few minutes she retreated. She was not more than a quarter of a mile from us when these shots struck so close to her so that we were barely out of the line of fire.

The rebels landed six or seven hundred men this day at Castel le Grande and took possession of the entire peninsula on which Castel le Grande is built. This peninsula extends up to the walls of the city, and the rebels are employed in building breastworks within a few hundred yards of the walls, which spot shall, for some time, be a rather interesting locality and not a very safe place for promenaders. For the next three days a very slow but continuous fire is kept up between the city and the rebel breastworks on Isle de Grande, which is the proper name for the place where Castel le Grande is built. The greater part of the firing is from the city, as no battery has yet been mounted at the rebel breastworks, but on the 27th and 28th the rebel castle of San Philip, which had been silent for some weeks, com-

menced firing again, and on the 28th nine of our marines were sent ashore to the Consul's house for his protection, and also of some more American citizens.

On the 29th accounts are received of the recapture of Barnquilla by the Unionists, and of an army advancing to the relief of Carthagena, but it is nearly time for events to take some turn which should leave the country in peace and give the followers of Uncle Sam a chance of getting liberty in some civilized place, as we are now nearly four months aboard the ship without getting any liberty.

The siege of Carthagena goes on very slowly, and we are continually disappointed in our expectation that the rebels would make a great general assault by land and sea on the city. Things go on in the same monotonous way, the town batteries firing slowly but continually at the rebels, who are mounting, or trying to mount, a battery on Isle de Grande within a few hundred yards of the walls, and the rebel castle of San Philip throws two or three shells every day against the walls. The rebel navy is very slow and we do not see them making any hostile movement against the city.

On the 28th April a schooner from Kingston, Jamaica, arrives off the city, at the sea side, and the rebels soon found out that she was laden with a fine cargo of good, fresh provisions for the starving city of Carthagena. The rebel gunboat "Gaitan" comes down on the schooner, captures her and tows her away in the direction of one of their villages; a bad job for the city of Carthagena, to the soldiers and people of which this cargo of provisions would have been a great relief.

The rebels are gaining ground slowly but surely, and we cannot help supposing that they are deferring the bombardment of the city in order to save life, in the hope that, through starvation, the city must surrender. On May 2d the Union bark "Colombia," which had played such an important part in the battle of March 29th, was seen from our decks in the act of being towed away to one of the rebel villages by one of the rebel gunboats which had captured her, another great advantage to the rebels and a great loss to the Unionists, and it is now thought that the city must surrender very soon. The bark "Colombia" was commissioned as a rebel man-of-war on the following morning, May 3d, by General Gaitan and Commodore Eckert made her his flagship.

Our nine marines and one sailor, who had been ashore at the Consul's house since the 28th ult., returned aboard the ship on the afternoon of May 4th, and it was an understood thing that the great final bombardment and storming of the city would take place that night or next day, but the three following days showed no new phases of the war.

However, one hour after midnight on the morning of May 8th, the



long-expected grand attack came off. On each of the three previous evenings we had vainly expected it, and on the night of the 7th all hands retired early feeling certain that there would be no fighting that night as the bark "Colombia," which had been lying off Manzanillo point, was towed away down the harbor a little after dark, which, to our eyes, did not look much like war, but this very movement was preparatory to the great attack on the city which commenced about one o'clock that night and lasted till about six in the morning.

All the fighting, which we had been witnessing for the past two months, was as nothing in comparison with this terrible midnight assault. No words can describe, no pen can portray the terrific grandeur of the scene as we witnessed it at 2 A. M. on the morning of May 8th, and we were told that it was worse half an hour before. The Unionists were musket firing from all visible parts of the walls except the wall facing the Castle of San Philip, and it being in the dead hour of night, and there being about nine shots fired to the second, or about thirty-three thousand to the hour, and of big guns there being about a hundred to the hour, and the flash from each of these guns, big and small, being remarkably brilliant in the surrounding darkness, the scene was as grand as it was undoubtedly terrific. This fire I am describing includes the return fire from the rebels as well as the Union's fire from the walls. The three-fourths of all the musket firing was from the walls, and chiefly from the barracks, which are built right behind and over the wall, which fire was returned by the bark "Colombia" and one of the stern wheeled steamers with heavy shells. The walls of the city were illuminated by the perpetual musket flashes which succeeded each other so rapidly, and at the same time so regularly, that about two hundred flashes were visible at each instant of time. The big gun firing was principally from the rebels on their two ships on the open sea at the other side of Isle de Grande, and from one gun which was mounted on Isle de Grande within about five hundred yards of the city walls. The firing, which had commenced suddenly at 1 A. M., continued at the same terrific rate until 3 A. M., when the fire from the walls cooled down very much, perhaps from a scarcity of ammunition. At a few minutes after 3 A. M. two rebel steamers, which had been lying off Manzanillo point, proceeded slowly and quietly up almost under the very walls of the city, and just as they had reached the channel dividing the city from the mainland (for the city is almost an island) a tar barrel was lighted on the slope of the big hill about one hundred yards below the Convent, which we all believed to be a signal, and in a few minutes after the Castle of San Philip, which had been silent all the night, commenced suddenly to bombard the town, and a large body of rebels, who had been as silent as the grave hitherto, began to fire their muskets against the city at a fearful rate, and this fire continued till daylight. The musket flashes

from this new fire were fully as grand in appearance and a little more terrific than the previous firing from the city walls, and the Unions on the adjacent part of the city wall were prompt enough in replying to this new onslaught on their city. At the dawn of day, or about 5 A.M., the firing was worse than ever, but towards 6 A.M. it was going very much down, and a little after 6 A.M. the battle was over, except a little desultory firing which continued at a very low rate through the day.

Our steam launch made her usual morning trip to the city at 6 A.M. on the morning of the 8th, and landed as usual at the wharf, but her crew could not see a human being outside the walls, when they proceeded as usual up to the gate of the city which was most firmly secured, and they had to return to their boat without seeing a human being.

However, we learned, in the course of the day and next day, that a body of rebels got under the walls at 3.30 A.M. and, by means of scaling ladders, some of them got noiselessly on the walls, but betrayed their presence to the enemy too soon by shouting "vive Gaitan," when they were completely overpowered by the Unionists, who came down on them from every side, and after an interval of resistance, during which a good many of the storming party were killed, while a few made their escape, the great bulk of them, or about one hundred and sixty, surrendered. The Unionists acknowledged to a loss of only nine killed and ten wounded, but the loss of the rebels was enormous. They acknowledged to be short seven hundred men, of whom one hundred and sixty were prisoners in the hands of the Unionists, and the remainder were all killed or wounded, with perhaps a few deserters. On the bark "Colombia" one man was killed who was the mainstay of the rebel navy. This was Commodore Eckert, the American who commanded the "Commancho Roldan" at the battle of the 29th of March against the bark "Colombia," which vessel he commanded to-day, she having exchanged owners since through the fortune of war, having been captured by Eckert himself. The last big gun fired from the walls of the city blew his shoulder off and he died in a short time. There is no doubt but he was a man of the most extraordinary bravery, and had he lived and the rebellion been successful, he would, most probably, hold chief command of the Colombian navy. He was, by profession, a sea captain and joined the rebel service in that capacity, but was promoted to the rank of Commodore before he was two weeks in the service.

On Sunday morning, May 10th, two rebel steamers passed down the harbor well loaded with men, ostensibly for the purpose of fighting a reinforcement of Unionists, who were said to be advancing from Baranquilla to the relief of Carthagena, under the command, it was said, of General San Domingo, so that the rumor, which had been in cir-

culation of his having deserted his country must have been false.

On Monday the 11th, the war was believed to be over, as the assault on the city was a dead failure, the rebels having lost seven hundred men between killed, wounded, prisoners and missing, and as the entire force engaged in the assault was only 2,900 men the defeat was too heavy. A little firing continued from both sides for a few days until the 13th, when it ceased altogether. A little before noon on the 13th almost all the rebel force stationed within two miles of the city sailed down the harbor on the bark "Colombia" and one of the *Wet Stern Janes*, both being well loaded with men.

About an hour after this the English schooner, which had arrived at Carthagena some weeks before with provisions for the Unionists, and which had been captured by the rebels, was set fire to by the rebel gunboat "Commancho Roldan." Our captain, seeing how things stood, sent a couple of boats' crews to extinguish the fire, as our navy looks after English interests in the absence of the English navy, and *vice versa*, and as the "Commancho Roldan" was seen immediately to steam up the harbor towards the city, the Captain sent an officer, with an armed boat, to hail her and to order her to steam up along side the "Powhatan," which order her commander had good sense enough to obey. It was a moment of great excitement aboard the U.S.S. "Powhatan" when the rebel gunboat came alongside and was tied securely to our booms, a captured vessel. Just as she was in the act of being tied four or five of her company got into a small boat and were quietly in the act of making their escape when the Captain, who was the first to perceive the move, ordered a few of the sailors to turn a small piece of artillery on them, the sight of which made them pull back a little quicker than they were going away. The First Lieutenant ordered the commanding officer of the rebel man-of-war to come aboard the "Powhatan," and in two minutes the gallant rebel officer stepped over our gangway on the quarter-deck, accompanied by one of his engineers, who is, I believe, an Englishman, and who came with him to act as interpreter. The gallant commander, whose rank in the rebel navy, or army I should rather say, is that of Major, wore a short shell jacket with red facings, and a pair of blue trowsers, a little coarser in appearance than that worn by our marines. He is about eighteen years of age; rather young, we should imagine, for the commander of a man-of-war, even though his military rank is only that of Major. The moment he stepped on the quarter-deck he uncovered his head most respectfully and walked back to the poop where he conversed with the Captain and First Lieutenant, with the aid of the interpreter.

Very coincidently an English man-of-war was just steaming up the harbor and in an hour she anchored close by us, and as the offence of which the rebel tug was guilty was committed on an English mer-



chant ship, the rebel officer, with his ship and men, was turned over to the custody of the Captain of the English man-of-war "Lily," who, upon learning all the facts of the case, released officer, crew and vessel and they sailed away about their business as cool and unconcerned as if nothing had happened. The U.S.S. "Tennessee" and "Alliance" arrived in Carthage harbor to-day (13th), and the "Tennessee" having run aground by the rebel village Boca Chica, we steamed down and anchored near her for the purpose of assisting her in getting afloat, but she got afloat early in the night without our assistance, having been assisted by the U.S.S. "Alliance" and the Spanish man-of-war, "Ferdinand the Catholic."

Next morning, the 14th of May, the bark "Colombia," which had anchored somewhere near during the night, sailed out to sea so heavily laden with men that there was not room for them on the decks and in the hold and a great number of them were in the rigging. She must have had 1200 men aboard, and the balance of the rebel ships at Carthage left during the day (two or three had left within the previous four days), with the stragglers of the rebel army, and at sundown of May 14th, the only rebel to be found within seven miles of Carthage was an old man who would not leave his native village of Boca Chica, although there was not a human being in the village but himself, all the women and children having deserted.

We received our overdue and long-expected mail this afternoon, it having been brought to us by the U.S.S. "Tennessee." Several of our ship's company got a dozen letters together, which was a great consolation to a good many of us who had been without hearing from our friends since before we left Norfolk.

The siege of Carthage is raised; the besieging army have left the neighborhood, so we may consider the war as over and we all expect to go home to the States very soon. On the afternoon of the 14th we steamed back from the village of Boca Chica to our old anchorage within half a mile of the city, having first got a lot of provisions aboard from the U.S.S. "Tennessee," which we were to deliver to the poor starving people of Carthage, it having been sent to them from the United States, and on the following day it was all put aboard some lighters and carried ashore.

On Sunday morning, May 17th, we sailed from Carthage, passing by the flagship "Tennessee," which vessel still lay at anchor off the village of Boca Chica, and proceeded out to sea, bound for Key West, Florida.

Our stay at Carthage was very long and eventful, no vessel on the home station having witnessed such fighting since the great civil war. It was exactly eleven weeks from the day we entered Carthage till we left, out of which we were absent eight or nine days on our trip to Aspinwall.

On Thursday, June 21st, which was our fourth day at sea, we had target practice with big guns, after which we proceeded on our voyage, which was a very agreeable one from beginning to end, and on Monday, May 25th, after a voyage of eight days, we entered the harbor of Key West, where we dropped anchor, which, in a few hours, we lifted again and went up beside the naval wharf for the purpose of coaling ship. We remained by the wharf for a few days, coaled ship and steamed out into the harbor again, where we dropped anchor.

The entire ship's company got liberty here; the port watch, which includes half the ship's company, going ashore on June 4th, and the starboard watch, or other half, on the following day. All hands returned from liberty clean, sober and in good time, notwithstanding the fact that they had been five months, and some of them six or seven months, without liberty.

As the last boat returned to the ship on the morning of June 6th, with the last of the liberty party, orders were received from Washington to prepare at once for sea and to leave on the following morning for New York. All hands were very glad when they heard this good news. We had been so long cruising about the West Indies that the prospect of going ashore in such a civilized place as New York was very pleasant, indeed.

The next day, Sunday, June 7th, which was an exceedingly hot day, we sailed out of the harbor of Key West to the great and undisguised joy of the entire ship's company. The weather was exceedingly hot for the first three days, but early in the night of Tuesday it changed very much for the worse. It began to rain in a most fearful way, and the wind blew pretty strong at the same time, so that for two days our voyage was anything but agreeable. The rain fell in torrents, with scarcely any intermission from 8 P.M., on Tuesday, until noon on Thursday, or about forty hours, and a good deal of it got down through the hatchways, so that there was scarcely a dry spot to be found on the berth-deck, and, although there was no danger, we found it exceedingly disagreeable. The wind, which was pretty strong from the beginning, got very strong on the forenoon of Thursday, and we rolled very much for a while, shipped a few heavy seas, after which the rain ceased, the wind gradually went down, the sea got a good deal calmer, and we pursued our voyage again in good spirits, and on Saturday the 13th, about noon, dropped anchor a few miles outside Sandy Hook, it not being safe to proceed any further at the time on account of a heavy fog; and, in a couple of hours, the fog having cleared away, with hearts full of joy, we entered once more the glorious harbor of New York; steamed by Coney Island and Staten Island, to the great joy of everyone aboard, and dropped anchor near the Quarantine Station, at the Narrows, in full view of New York and Brooklyn.

It is now seven and a-half months since we sailed from New York, and here we are after a long, weary and eventful cruise. How awfully welcome to our eyes is the scenery of the Hudson after such a long absence, in such uncivilized places as we have visited during our long and tedious cruise. There is New York and Brooklyn directly in front, and on either beam the green, lovely shores of New York harbor; studded, as they are, with such beautiful buildings and residences. Our cruise is over and we will probably go to the Navy Yard in a day or two; all hands shall, most probably, get a furlough; we can have a good time; enjoy ourselves thoroughly; rest on our oars and dream of what we are going to do when our term has expired; whether we will again enter into Uncle Sam's service; retire into private life, or go on a transatlantic trip to the old, old and venerable sod in the Old World which gave birth to our fathers and to the greater part of ourselves as well.

## A FEW POEMS RELATING TO THE "POWHATAN."

*GREAT NAVAL BATTLE*

BETWEEN THE U. S. STEAM LAUNCH "POCAHONTAS" AND THE COLOMBIAN  
FLAGSHIP, A. D. 1885.

Sharp, sharp is the music, the bugle is blowing;  
The strength of his lungs is the trumpeter throwing;  
The steam launch away, he is rapidly calling—  
And close by the gangway at once is she hauling.

Peter Nagel the coxswain his orders are getting,  
The bow of the launch is just under the netting,  
High over her stern, her banner is rearing;  
While for a smart trip all her hands are preparing.

Her boiler is full of hot water—mad boiling;  
George Ufford his engine is steadily oiling,  
George Pratt and McCue at the furnace are firing;  
Our two jolly firemen are hotly perspiring.

She is off to the shore and the hot sun is shining,  
And round the horizon has thrown its bright lining.  
The awning is fixed by Hans Nelson and Booling—  
The breeze blowing under is balmy and cooling.

For sweet Carthagera the steam launch is heading,  
Where war is fast raging and noble blood shedding;  
She makes for the wharf and gets in by the turning,  
And in a few hours to the ship is returning.

On sweet Carthagera the night is fast falling.  
What loud voice is that on the gallant launch calling?  
The launch's bold crew look around for the stranger,  
Amused and surprised, and regardless of danger.

A great man-of-war down upon them is bearing,  
The national flag most triumphantly rearing;  
The great fighting ship of the government section—  
Looking out for the ships of the great insurrection.

The admiral thinks that the steam launch is slender,  
He calls on the coxswain at once to surrender;  
Emphasises his call by a mighty gun's bawling—  
And splinters of shell round the steam launch are falling.

He calls on the launch and his voice now is louder,  
But cannot fire his gun, he is wanting in powder;  
With only one charge was the flagship provided—  
The issue of battle is yet undecided.

The steam launch's crew have no weapons of slaughter,  
But they have a hose which they load with hot water;  
They aim for the flagship and fire it right at her,  
The admiral's face do they scald and bespatter.

The officers, soldiers and sailors are burned,  
The fate of the day is decidedly turned;  
The stream of hot water upon them is falling—  
And all hands set up a loud chorus of bawling.

The white flag of truce is the admiral showing,  
Requesting the coxswain to cease water throwing;  
McCue, Nagel, Ufford, Pratt, Nelson and Booling—  
Put the hose on cold water to give them a cooling.

They knew they had injured the admiral sadly,  
And scalded the sailors and officers badly;  
They now send salt water; a welcome ablution,  
To cool up their blisters—a sweet restitution.

The admiral holds his head under the water,  
And so do the seamen and soldiers of slaughter;  
They find the cold water delicious and cooling—  
Again with our steam launch they shall not go fooling.

The steam launch goes off and how proud is her story!  
The names of her crew are emblazoned in glory,  
McCue, Nagel, Ufford, Pratt, Nelson and Booling—  
Who scalded the flagship and gave her a cooling.

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### *CORNELIUS O'LEARY.*

False rumours are always aboard a ship flying;  
For some funny people will always be trying  
To fool with their shipmates; they often deceive them,  
So when we hear facts we can scarcely believe them.

CHORUS:—But this ship is not like some more on the station;  
We here know the truth by sublime divination,  
We never heed lies: we are cautious and wary;  
Our prophet of truth is Cornelius O'Leary.

He grew up in Ireland in comfort and plenty,  
And came to New York at the fresh side of twenty;  
He crossed the blue sea with a heart light and airy,  
A billet was wanted by Mister O'Leary.

CHORUS:—But this ship is not like some more, etc.  
He joined the blue navy for peace or for battle,  
His shipmates beside him were slaughtered like cattle;

He fought through the war till his face was quite hairy;  
The bullets struck wide of Cornelius O'Leary.

CHORUS:—But this ship is not like some more, etc.

His rating is heavy, he carries an eagle,  
His bearing is courteous, his countenance regal;  
The noblest of blood from Cape Clear to Tipperary  
Runs in the proud veins of Cornelius O'Leary.

CHORUS:—But this ship is not like some more, etc.

In the dead hour of night about half-past eleven,  
He reads the bright stars on the portals of Heaven,  
From planet to planet his pencil is springing,  
And thus he finds out what the future is bringing.

CHORUS:—But this ship is not like some more, etc.

He knew when this ship was to have a collision;  
He told it beforehand, he saw the clear vision.  
Twelve months beforehand, all her cruise he had stated;  
He told me last June where we'd now be located.

CHORUS:—But this ship is not like some more, etc.

He knows when a ship has got out of condition,  
He knows when a ship shall go out of commission—  
And from his predictions no events can vary;  
For a prophet of truth is Cornelius O'Leary.

CHORUS:—But this ship is not like some more, etc.

If you want to know where the future shall find you,  
To know what's before you as well as behind you,  
If you cruise shall expire upon ocean or prairie;  
You can get that information from Mister O'Leary.

CHORUS:—But this ship is not like some more, etc.

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### *BUFFALO BILL.*

We have one jolly seaman aboard this good ship,  
With such fun in his eye and such wit on his lip;  
And with so many yarns on top of his tongue,  
Which he tells at his leisure his shipmates among,  
And they gather around him his yarns to hear,  
For his tales are more welcome to them than their beer;  
For when lights are piped out, they are all standing still,  
Entranced in the presence of Buffalo Bill.

CHORUS:—For when lights are piped out we are all standing still,  
We require an extension for Buffalo Bill.

He has fresh and true stories each day in the year,  
His diction is splendid, his memory clear,  
He sailed the whole world in all sorts of ships—  
And nothing untrue ever comes from his lips;



From Liverpool town when a youngster he sailed,  
And to make good his footing he never yet failed,  
When his ship would get lost, on a plank he'd stand still;  
And if one man was saved it was sure to be Bill.

CHORUS:—For when lights, etc.

Near Derry, in Ireland, he once lost a ship;  
For eleven long months there he lived by his lip,  
For the fair ones he went, and he coaxed and caressed  
Till he met with some fair one more cute than the rest;  
She had been in England and knew what was what,  
She knew what was right and she knew what was not;  
She brought her five brothers—our hero to kill  
And over the Channel went Buffalo Bill.

CHORUS:—For when lights, etc.

His color is yellow, he is a quadroon:  
He has three drops of white blood and one drop of coon;  
He was well educated and bred to the bar,  
Though now pulling ropes on a steamer of war;  
He got into a quarrel in Liverpool town  
And knocked four inspectors and officers down,  
The soldiers were coming, he would not stand still,  
They never got tidings of Buffalo Bill.

CHORUS:—For when lights, etc.

### *THE RIVAL COXSWAINS,*

At Cape Haytien City our gallant ship lay,  
So calmly at rest in the beautiful bay;  
The bright sun most sweetly upon us shone down,  
On harbor and vessel, on mountain and town.

The days were so fine that we thought it a pleasure,  
To paint up the ship in our moments of leisure:  
As a good coat outside would improve her condition,  
The catamaran was put into commission.

But a catamaran needs a coxswain to guide her,  
As much as a ship ten times larger and wider,  
The office is vacant and who is to fill it?  
An Irishman, Scissors, accepted the billet.

He did his work well, he was willing and able,  
And felt more at ease on the cat than at table;  
But one of our lieutenants never could prize him,  
As cox of the cat he would not recognize him.

When he had the deck, Scissors lost the position,  
A darkey named Paddy, received the commission;

And when he was relieved by an another lieutenant,  
The darkey was ordered to lower his pennant.

The coxswainship thus went along by rotation,  
In turns, they filled up the grand situation:  
In a great job like this with such perquisites flying  
Soon, soon with each other, the rivals were vieing.

Each wanted the whole job and swore he should win it,  
Every man in the ship had an interest in it,  
Having both tasted power, they could not do without it:  
The crew were all speaking and betting about it.

The sailors at last thought the question to settle  
By putting the coxswains on muscle and mettle,  
Upon the broad deck they would settle the matter,  
Commenced in good earnest each other to batter.

They glared and they flew like wild cats at each other,  
Each fully determined his foeman to smother;  
The great point to settle is who shall be coxswain?  
For which their dear shipmates have now set them boxing.

But Scissors was abler, and stronger and bigger,  
And on the spar deck cut a good fighting figure;  
Still, Paddy fought on for he was not a coward—  
And the weight of his knuckles on Scissors he showered.

But it was all no use for Scissors could best him,  
And with many hard blows on the mallet he dressed him.  
Poor Paddy is beaten and he has retreated  
And Scissors runs after with white anger heated.

And Paddy takes up a big box for protection;  
The corporal charges and settles the ruction.

Though Scissors has beaten his rival at boxing,  
Still Paddy—not Scissors, has got to be coxswain:  
It was so decreed by our highest lieutenant,  
Who ordered poor Scissors to lower his pennant.

---

### *JERRY COUGHLIN.*

Some sing of great heroes who lived long ago,  
Who were never at peace but when fighting a foe;  
Who, encased in steel armour to glory rushed on,  
The knights of the temple, the knights of St. John.

CHORUS:—We sing not of knight nor of gay cavalier,  
Who fought for the Cross with bright sabre and spear,  
Who ran to the wars over mountain and valley;  
We sing of bold Jerry, the knight of the galley.



He is found in his galley from morning till night,  
But at meal hours, he is in the thick of his fight,  
When all the mess cooks come upon and surround him  
But Jerry is monarch of all that's around him.

CHORUS:—We sing not, etc.

Every cook in the ship has to keep his own place,  
For Jerry will have his own way in the case;  
Their pots and their dishes they take one by one,  
And out of the galley with speed must they run.

CHORUS:—We sing not, etc.

He rises each day at ten minutes to four,  
And works at his fires for a quarter or more.  
His fires being lit, he again takes a snooze—  
A very good method to shorten the cruise.

CHORUS:—We sing not, etc.

He sleeps in the galley, he sleeps by himself,  
He sleeps with his pots and his cans and his delf,  
And if at the door you would show but your nose,  
Upon you at once would he turn the hose.

CHORUS—We sing not, etc.

For no man on the vessel does he care a rap,  
And he can speak English, and Irish and Jap!  
He was born in Boston far down in the East,  
And was by his parents brought up for a priest.

CHORUS:—We sing not, etc.

He was reared for the church but he took to the sea,  
He hung his vocation and Jerry was free.  
He hung his dark robes and he donned the sea blue,  
And now he is one of our gallant ship's crew.

CHORUS:—We sing not, etc.

He is smart at the tongue, with high words he can fence,  
And carry smart jokes at his shipmate's expense,  
And he will have no stranger his galley inside;  
He keeps his own billet with pleasure and pride.

CHORUS:—We sing not, etc.

His bearing is careless, his carriage is loose—  
He thinks every man but himself is a goose;  
He goes in his shirt, he does not wear a jacket,  
Except when he goes for a drunk or a racket.

CHORUS:—We sing not, etc.

On the birth-deck he comes, through the cooks does he run,  
All their coffees and hash does he taste one by one.  
He inspects all their coffees, their hash and their beans,  
But he has to keep wide of the gallant marines.

CHORUS:—We sing not, etc.

## JACK KANE.

Contented and Merry  
Is Bostonbred Jerry,  
With his trip he is well satisfied;  
No more about deck  
Shall we see his bare neck,  
He remains in his galley with pride.

Both early and late  
He has now got a mate,  
His spirits to keep in condition.  
The cooks and the Japs,  
They may pack up their traps;  
They shall all be thrown out of  
commission.

To their gain or their loss—  
Jerry Coughlin is boss,  
And the galley he rules as he  
wishes;

He is boss of the cans,  
And the pots and the pans,  
And the knives, and the forks and  
the dishes.

The cooks who are there  
Do their work very fair,  
The Japs and the blacks and the  
yellows.

They are civil and kind  
And their duties they mind,  
They are liked by the rest of the  
fellows.

But they shall get the rout—  
They shall be done without,  
Jerry Coughlin can find better  
flunkeys.

All their bags they shall pack  
They shall all get the sack:  
And their work done much better  
by monkeys.

He has one on the ship  
Whom he booked for the trip,  
And this one is Jerry's third  
cousin.

When some more are roped in,  
All the old cooks may skin;

And he has advertised for a dozen.

The one he has got  
Is the first of the lot,  
And he does not take much to his  
duty;

He cannot wash a pan  
But he grabs all he can,  
And to Jerry he brings all the  
booty.

Our shipmates may laugh,  
But our fine cooking staff  
Shall be soon all supplanted by  
monkeys;

They will cook, boil and mix—  
And play hundreds of tricks,  
Till we all shall get sick of the  
flunkeys.

The monkey he shipped  
Has his hair yet undclipped;  
And his tail is not quite regula-  
tion.

He is healthy and strong  
But his tail is too long—  
Though he be Jerry Coughlin's  
relation.

I cannot tell his rate,  
But there's something not  
straight—  
In the way he got into commis-  
sion.

He is booked as Jack Kane,  
Though his right name is  
Blaine;  
He is full of conceit and ambi-  
tion.

If he wants to stop here  
He must keep from the beer,  
He must rise out of chewing  
tobacco;

Keep his tail very clean—  
At his duties be seen,  
And we still may be good friends  
to Jacko.

*PAT MURPHY.*

From Waterford county in Ireland he came,  
 To gather some Eagles his principal aim;  
 He lands in New York—not a job can he get  
 But his heart was too brave to repine or to fret.

CHORUS:—As I can't get a job then I know what I'll do,  
 I will go and enlist in the navy so blue;  
 There is nothing to fear, there is nothing to dread,  
 While the stars and the stripes shall fly over my head.

He made up his mind; from the table he rose,  
 And over to Brooklyn he turns his toes;  
 He walks down the navy yard careless and free—  
 Having made up his mind for to take to the sea.

CHORUS:—As I can't get a job, etc.  
 The big ship "Powhatan" now catches his eye,  
 As he walks down the yard, she is lying close by;  
 So he spoke to the sentry who stood on the quay  
 And inquired if they wanted young sailors to-day?

CHORUS:—As I can't get a job, etc.  
 The sentry asked him was he fond of baked beans?  
 And then he advised him to join the marines;  
 Where up in the barracks the grub was so grand—  
 And the beans were the best to be found in the land.

CHORUS:—As I can't get a job, etc.  
 Our hero replies: "Though I am fond of beans"  
 I will never enlist in the gallant marines;  
 So I will go aboard a blue sailor to be,  
 I will go in the navy to plough the salt sea.

CHORUS:—As I can't get a job, etc.  
 The doctor inspects him—poor Paddy is stripped—  
 He passes the doctor and now he is shipped;  
 He was smart at his work, he was clean in his dress,  
 And before many weeks he was boss of his mess.

CHORUS:—As I can't get a job, etc.  
 He was reared for the church; but he went to a fair—  
 And got into a row with the constables there;  
 It may be a lie; but by some it was said:  
 That he struck the big sergeant a blow on the head.

CHORUS:—As I can't get a job, etc.  
 He was sacked from the church—he cannot be a priest,  
 He was chased by the cavalry like a wild beast;  
 And straight to New York then, his way did he take—  
 What a fine holy priest but for that would he make.

CHORUS:—As I can't get a job, etc.  
 It was not like a priest to assault the police;  
 Or to go and commit any breach of the peace!

Though Saint Peter, they say, cut an officer's ear;  
But the Saint had a pull and got out of it clear.

CHORUS:—As I can't get a job, etc.

Not a pull had poor Paddy—he had got to fly,  
For his name was in print in the black Hue and Cry;  
To the scenes of his youth does he now show his tail—  
For he wanted no lodgings in Waterford jail.

CHORUS:—As I can't get a job, etc.

And thus he got shipped in the gallant sea blues,  
And when Paddy Murphy had finished his cruise;  
With one hundred gold eagles wound up in his fob,  
He shall never again have to look for a job.

CHORUS:—As I can't get a job, etc.

### *THE OFFICER OF THE DECK'S SONG.*

(Supposed to be sung once in four hours at sea, by the officer of the deck  
and chorused by the watch on deck).

Strike eight bells, call the watch, relieve the wheel and chain,  
Won't we have a jolly time, when we get home again!  
When we get back to Norfolk town, to Brooklyn and New York,  
To Boston and to Waterford, to Dublin and to Cork;  
To the scenes of our young boyhood by the Shannon and the Boyne,  
The Hudson and the Delaware, the Oder and the Rhine.  
We'll tell of all the fun we had aboard this bonnie ship,  
We'll tell of all the sharks we killed in this West Indian trip;  
Of all the nigger governors who came to us in state—  
Of all the sweet bananas and the oranges we ate.  
Of the sweet West Indian girls all, the fairest of the fair,  
With their coaxing eyes and faces, and their curled woolly hair;  
Of all the mighty waves we ploughed and seas that we sailed o'er,  
Of all the fun we used to have when we would jump ashore.  
Of all the strange and distant lands on which we laid our eyes,  
And we'll ornament our stories with a bordering of lies.  
And if this country goes to war with England or with Spain,  
Oh! won't we fight the haughty Dons upon the Spanish main;  
And if we meet an English ship, we'll give her lots of ball!  
We'll blow her up to blazes or the whole of us will fall.  
The castle of Havana we will burn up with shell;  
And we'll blow the Dons and Daigoes all to heaven or to hell.  
If we escape our enemies and we get home again,  
We'll boast of all the mighty deeds we did upon the main;  
Of all the haughty Spanish Dons whom we laid in their gore,  
And if we take an English ship we'll swear we took a score.  
Oh! what a jolly time we'll have when we get home again,  
Strike eight bells, call the watch, relieve the wheel and chain.

NOTE.—The first two lines of this song, which are also the two last, are not original. I do not know who composed them, but I have heard the

# THE CRUISE OF THE "POWHATAN" AND SIEGE OF CARTHAGENA.

(In verse).

## NORFOLK.

Two months at Norfolk did we lie,  
And quickly did the good time  
fly;

We never felt the time pass by.  
The months like moments quick-  
ly flew—

It was the winter season too;  
And though the northwind often  
blew,

Of cold we seldom could com-  
plain;

And although we had too much  
rain,

We had good times and knew no  
pain.

The best part of our jolly crew;  
Yeomen, soldiers, jackets blue,  
Firemen, landsmen, brave and  
true;

Would at their tables fondly tell—  
How they liked Norfolk very  
well.

There is some charm in the place  
Which brightens up the sailor's  
face;

But sometimes makes of him a  
case.

While at that navy yard we lay  
Ashore we went each other day,  
Though for each trip we had to  
pay;

But money never did we heed  
We left the navy yard with speed;  
Intent on business, indeed!

On pleasure should I rather say.  
We took the boat without delay,  
In Portsmouth never would we  
stay;

The ferry quickly did we cross—  
For beer our pennies did we toss,  
Regardless of our pockets loss;  
For anchored safe in some saloon

Which we would seldom leave  
too soon,

Our pockets quickly came to ruin.

And if we were not quite bereft

And had another dollar left,

To Church street—we our foot-  
steps bent;

Where to the Theatre we went  
And thus a quarter more was  
spent.

No doubt the play is worth the  
cash—

Good money goes for coarser  
trash;

I'll go no further—'twould be  
rash.

I mean not all nor yet a few  
Of the "Powhatan's" jolly crew;  
Who such a course ashore pur-  
sue.

The play is over now at last!  
The people out the doors have  
passed;

Where now will Jack his anchor  
cast?

Will he take lodgings for the  
night?

Yes; he will sometimes do the  
right;

But other times he will get  
tight;

From tasting quite too many  
drops—

In Norfolk's beer and spirit  
shops;

He now is collared by the cops!  
And to the station house is  
brought,

His monk bag by the cops is  
sought—

His pennies now are down to  
nought.

He wakes about the rise of  
 sun,  
 And thinks he hears the morn-  
 ing gun—  
 And feels he has had too much  
 fun.  
 Two shipmates who were thus  
 confined;  
 Not being quite restored to mind,  
 Could not their even bearings  
 find.  
 One thought he heard three bells  
 to go—  
 And called out to his shipmate,  
 Joe!  
 “Arise; lash hammocks, come  
 on deck!”  
 He chucked poor Joe upon the  
 neck—  
 And knocked him off the cold  
 hard bed;  
 Where Joe had lain his fevered  
 head.  
 “What ails you Joe! at all, at  
 all,  
 Don’t you hear Frank Gillespie’s  
 call?”  
 Joe finds his feet and makes one  
 drive—  
 And though half dead and half  
 alive,  
 On Bill’s face he leaves fingers  
 five;  
 Who draws his fist and squares  
 his chest—  
 And slings his wrist and strikes  
 his best;  
 And lays one blow on Joseph’s  
 breast.  
 They both are sick and sad and  
 sore,  
 Were seldom in such plight be-  
 fore;  
 The cops upon the corridor  
 Charge in to see what is the row,  
 To see what is the matter now!

And in derision do they bow.  
 They bow to Joe, they bow to  
 Bill,  
 Who if they only had their will;  
 Would dash the cops against the  
 ground—  
 And tresh them well, and tight  
 and sound;  
 But Bill and Joe can do no more,  
 What good are two against a  
 score.  
 The coppers swear, the sailors  
 damn,  
 When on the scene appears  
 Mayor Lamb;  
 A man who though he does not  
 preach—  
 Some moral lessons yet will teach.  
 He fines them twenty dollars  
 each!  
 Their uncle now comes to their  
 aid,  
 And in three hours the fines are  
 paid;  
 They are released—they walk  
 away,  
 And vow no more to go astray—  
 No more in tavern to stay.  
 But ere they go aboard the ship,  
 They take one last and final sip;  
 And in one final beer they dip.  
 They fondly drink their final  
 dram,  
 They drink the health of Uncle  
 Sam;  
 The cops of Norfolk, and Mayor  
 Lamb.  
 Although such hard knocks do  
 they get,  
 They never do repine or fret;  
 Their crosses manfully are met!  
 They think not of a hurt or fine--  
 Such things are in the sailor’s  
 line.  
 A sailor never will repine,



He goes to work next day as  
fresh

As if he was not made of flesh;  
As if he never nothing lost.  
Next week upon the deep he's  
tossed;

Upon the Arctic in the frost!  
Where he is frozen with the cold.  
But little heeds the seaman bold,  
Or in the Indies in the heat—

The sailor tranquilly will meet  
The heat of the West Indian  
sun,

The risk of any foeman's gun,  
The glitter of a foeman's steel—  
For fear he is not known to feel.  
He fears no cold, he fears no  
heat,

He feels no danger he may meet;  
He runs all risks however great,  
And all results he leaves to fate.  
He loves the dangers of the seas;  
He fears no storm, gale or breeze,  
And runs the risk of bad disease.  
Where he knows fear—I'll try to  
tell,

He fears no devil nor no hell!  
But he believes in Heaven high—  
And hopes to go there bye and  
bye,

And honestly intends to try.  
Of Heaven, he has firm hope—  
And for that object pulls a rope,  
And sometimes gives the chap-  
lain soap.

For men in black he has respect  
No matter what their creed or  
sect;

He has no strong belief in hell,  
Still hopes in Heaven high to  
dwell,

And pulls some ropes for this  
reward;

We must conclude he fears the  
Lord.

The Christmas and New Year are  
past—

The winter time is flying fast;  
And twenty rumors are afloat,  
As to the future of our boat.

‘For Brooklyn city we are bound,  
For Newport, up Long Island  
Sound;

We are to sail the world around.”  
For Washington we are to sail,  
There to be present without fail;  
For some great business of state  
I think it was to celebrate  
A change of rulers in the land,  
The navy was to lend a hand:  
By marching in procession grand  
In honor of our chiefs of state;  
The present ruler and the late.  
But all these rumors proved un-  
true;

No man aboard the vessel knew  
The course our ship was to pur-  
sue.

At length a telegram comes down  
From Washington to Norfolk  
town;

We are told to prepare for sea—  
In two days we must ready be;  
Upon the tenth we are to sail  
For San Domingo without fail.

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### *THE “POWHATAN” LEAVES NORFOLK.*

The tenth of January has come,  
With bugle note and beat of  
drum;

We leave sweet Norfolk town be-  
hind,

The hot West Indian sun to find.

We sail from Norfolk town  
away,

With courage high and spirits  
gay;

But this was not the case with  
some,

For some were spiritless and  
 dumb;  
 And went to sea with much  
 regret  
 Their hearts were in sweet Nor-  
 folk yet.  
 They would look back, and sigh  
 and pause,  
 And on their palms would lean  
 their jaws;  
 For Norfolk's fair ones were the  
 cause--  
 Norfolk's fair ones had them  
 won:  
 Their hearts were turned and  
 undone;  
 They loathe the fine West Indian  
 sun.  
 And two marines among the  
 crowd--  
 Were wholly and entirely bowed;  
 Their hearts seemed broken with  
 regret!  
 They wished once more ashore to  
 get.  
 In Portsmouth lived their ladies  
 fair,  
 With dark and curled wooly hair,  
 But now their hearts are cold  
 and bare.  
 Our two marines were sad at  
 heart--  
 With their dark fair ones thus  
 to part;  
 When passing Portsmouth bridge  
 they sighed:  
 From their loves they are parted  
 wide.  
 Their loves are sadly crossed  
 and barred  
 They gaze upon the sawyer's  
 yard;  
 Their joy, their happiness is  
 marred!  
 Their loves for them shall have  
 to wait,

Until the winds and waves of  
 fate--  
 Shall bring the ship "Powhatan"  
 back.  
 Perhaps their fair ones may not  
 lack  
 The comfort of some other loves;  
 We hope so for the raven  
 doves.

By Hampton Roads we quickly  
 steam,  
 Virginia's plains on either beam;  
 How lovely does the country  
 look;  
 Virginia is an open book.  
 We enter now the open sea;  
 The broad Atlantic wide and  
 free.  
 We pass Cape Henry on our  
 right,  
 With pleasure see its burning  
 light;  
 We pass it early in the night.  
 We now are on the Ocean wide--  
 Our noble vessel heaves with  
 pride,  
 And ploughs the Ocean's surg-  
 ing tide;  
 We skip the waves with sail and  
 steam,  
 And soon are in the hot Gulf  
 Stream--  
 Still southward points our ves-  
 sel's prow,  
 The winter cold is over now;  
 We were quite cold a day ago,  
 In Norfolk we had frost and  
 snow!  
 But now upon the open sea,  
 We feel as warm as can be.  
 The sky is sunny, clear and  
 light--  
 The sun is shining hot and  
 bright;  
 But only for a day and night.



Before we were two days at sea,  
 The breakers with our decks  
     were free,  
 The wind rose high and hard it  
     blew—  
 Upon our noble ship and crew;  
 The breakers of the heaving  
     tide,  
 Burst in each moment o'er the  
     side—  
 And fell in floods upon our decks,  
 And wet our heads and wet our  
     necks.  
 Each moment the wild waters  
     rose,  
 And very quickly drenched our  
     clothes;  
 The ship sank low and then rose  
     high,  
 The clouds sat heavy on the sky.  
 A nauseous feeling came on some,  
 They felt quite dizzy, queer and  
     dumb;  
 They stretched themselves down  
     at full length,  
 Deprived of spirit, nerve and  
     strength;  
 And feel so heartless lost and  
     gone,  
 Their faces look so pale and wan.  
 When spoken to they will not  
     speak—  
 They feel so heavy and so weak,  
 And lie quite helpless on the  
     ground;  
 But they will sometimes make a  
     bound—  
 And run quite crazy to the side,  
 And throw their rations in the  
     tide.  
 Many of Jerry's best cooked  
     dishes  
 Went to the skarks and smaller  
     fishes;  
 Poor Scissors was a doleful case,  
 He had the sickness in his face;

Upon the deck he helpless lay—  
 From sunrise to the close of day,  
 Except when he would make a  
     jump,  
 When all his rations he should  
     dump  
 Into the Ocean in a lump!  
 Once while thus running with  
     his load—  
 Tom Connors happened in his  
     road,  
 And Scissors running his big  
     best—  
 He knocked poor Connors on the  
     chest;  
 Upon the deck the two then fell  
 And Connors did not feel quite  
     well;  
 And both their visages were bat-  
     tered,  
 And their ships rations wide  
     were scattered;  
 From this collision thus they  
     tumbled!  
 Against them Patrick Nolan  
     stumbled.  
 The ship was heaving high and  
     wild,  
 With pumped up food the decks  
     were spoiled.  
 The two got on their feet at last,  
 Their eyes about they wildly cast,  
 And fixed them on the ladder  
     fast;  
 Then for the birth deck made a  
     drive  
 And gained it though but half  
     alive;  
 So many sick were seldom seen,  
 Aboard a ship three years I've  
     been—  
 And never saw it so before,  
 And hope to see it so no more.  
 The sickness I could not escape,  
 For in it there is no red tape;  
 I never felt so bad before,

Or since I joined the gallant  
corps;  
In this queer state I helpless lay  
For very nearly half the day;  
When I stood up refreshed and  
well—  
And hope such tale no more to tell.

So sails along our gallant ship,  
The mighty waves we proudly  
skip,  
Our onward course we well pur-  
sue—  
And we are in the trade winds  
too;

The trade winds blow a pleasant  
breeze,  
They cool the air of tropic seas;  
So cool, salubrious and sweet;  
They neutralize the awful heat  
Which we shall in the tropics  
meet.

The balmy breezes sweetly blow,  
And onwards proudly do we go;  
With watch on deck and watch  
below.

Like all who live upon the  
deep,  
We never get a full night's  
sleep.

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### *THE WATCHES, BOATSWAIN'S, MATES AND MASTER- AT-ARMS.*

When in our hammocks sleeping  
sound—

We have to give a nimble bound,  
When Frank Gillespie gives the  
call:

“Arise, arise, the port watch, all!  
Arise, ye sleepers, quick arise  
And shake the sleep from off  
your eyes,

Get up and gaze upon the skies;  
Arise, arise, arise and shine,  
And muster—muster in a line!  
Upon the deck your faces show,  
The starboard watch, may go  
below.”

The starboard watch, go to their  
beds;

Thereon to lay their weary heads,  
And in five minutes are asleep—  
The brave disciples of the deep!  
Into their hammocks give one  
bound,

And soon are lost in slumber  
sound.

They fall asleep with treble speed  
Because their rest they sorely  
ne ;

On deck they are awake indeed.  
They sleep four hours—Bob  
Whitcombe cries:

“The starboard watch, awake!  
arise—

Arise, and get upon your feet;  
Arise, your four hours work to  
meet;

Arise, arise, to wash the decks;  
Take care, don't fall and break  
your necks.”

It is the early hour of four,  
The port watch, down the ladder  
pour;

To go to sleep for three hours  
more.

The starboard watch, the ladder  
mount—

Four hours on deck they have  
to count,

A cup of coffee each they get—  
Their hearts to cheer, their  
lungs to wet;

They would have something  
better yet.

But in it they have got no  
voice,

The seamen have not got a  
 choice—  
 In matters of their food and  
 drink;  
 For if they had, I more than  
 think  
 Their coffee would not be so poor;  
 It should be mixed with some-  
 thing pure.  
 I know for certain fact that some  
 Would swap their coffee for their  
 rum;  
 And such men are not reckoned  
 dumb.  
 A sup of grog their hearts would  
 warm,  
 And give more strength to nerve  
 and arm;  
 And never do them any harm.  
 But our good uncle rules the  
 ranche,  
 By land and sea, both root and  
 branch;  
 The biggest ship, the smallest  
 launch.  
 He has thought fit, it seems, that  
 we—  
 Should drink but coffee while at  
 sea;  
 We must submit, we are not free!  
 The starboard watch, the vessel  
 keep—  
 And all the port watch, are  
 asleep;  
 The paddles work, the trade  
 winds blow,  
 And proudly onwards do we go.  
 The wind is blowing cool and  
 strong,  
 And gallantly we sail along;  
 All hands are working hard and  
 fast—  
 At yard and sail, and rope and  
 mast,  
 Running here and running there  
 The decks all over everywhere;

All things going smooth and  
 square.

The chief of all the working  
 crowd—  
 Who speaks so plainly and so  
 loud!  
 With good lungs having been  
 endowed;  
 Is Frank Gillespie, boatswain's  
 mate,  
 Which is a sailor's highest rate,  
 A man of knowledge, skill and  
 weight,  
 A great old mariner is he—  
 He has been fifty years at sea,  
 Was in the navy through the war;  
 But one fault did his progress  
 mar!  
 He was a little fond of grog  
 Which put a stopper in his log;  
 The whole wide world has he  
 seen;  
 Twice a boatswain has he been,  
 He now gets all the duty done,  
 He makes the others pull and  
 run  
 By moonlight, and by light of  
 sun.

Three hours have passed, six  
 bells are struck;  
 The hour is seven by the clock,  
 And Thomas Dempsey gives the  
 call!  
 "Arise, arise, lash hammocks all;  
 Bring up your hammocks lashed  
 and tied,  
 And stow them on the vessels  
 side."  
 John Holland gets upon his feet,  
 And does this order loud repeat;  
 So loud, he nearly strains his  
 neck!  
 He is commander on the deck.  
 A grand old sailor too is he—

Was three times nearly lost at sea;  
Upon the "Huron" he had been  
The night that she no more was  
seen;

That night, the breakers wild he  
braved,  
And he got numbered with the  
saved.

All hands jump up, their ham-  
mocks lash,  
Run up the ladders in a crash—  
And fling them in the nettings  
wide;

Which are upon the vessels side.  
The morning now is getting late,  
It wants a half an hour of eight;  
And Robert Whitcombe, boat-  
swain's mate—

Blows his whistle loud and sings:  
"Ye cooks, get ready all the  
things;

Your tables lay, your coffee get,  
And all your cups and saucers  
set."

It is no sooner said than done,  
The birth deck cooks are on the  
run—

They get the cups, the tables lay,  
The port watch sit, and fire away.

Eight bells are struck, the  
watches changed,  
The port watch on the deck is  
ranged;

The starboard watch, sit down to  
eat—

Their bread, their coffee and  
their meat,

The port watch now is on the  
run

At mast and rigging; rope and  
gun.

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### QUARTERS.

Three bells are struck—to quart-  
ers all;

Both watches in division fall!

Three bells are struck—the trum-  
pet blows!

Each man to his division goes.

Three bells are struck—the drum  
is beat!

Each man aboard is on his feet

His officer and gun to meet.

Three bells are struck—'tis half-  
past nine;

The companies are all in line.

Each man aboard is in his place—

His country's enemies to face;

And each is stationed at a gun,

Prepared for battle, drill or fun.  
War's dangers we have got to  
chance,

Along the deck just take a  
glance;

Now at the quarterdeck's port  
side,

The soldiers stand in all their  
pride!

All danger they are here to brunt,  
Each man is looking to his front;

With his good musket in his  
hand—

To fight for his adopted land;

Or native land too—it may be!

But we will look at them and see.

Eleven Irish and four Dutch,

Ten Americans and two Scotch;

A Cockney, with an Irish name

Who swears that he from London  
came,

And a Bavarian, with three v's

Who looks so free and at his ease;

And one Canadian smart and  
clean—

Who at the cabin door is seen.

So there are thirty men all told,  
The ship in order good to hold;  
There should be thirty-three by  
right—

But one deserted and took flight,  
From Norfolk on a rainy night.  
Our soldiers thus we often loose.  
Two more are putting down a  
cruise;

In hospital at Norfolk town—  
Their time they easily put down.

Around their guns the sailors  
stand!

In peace or war to give a hand;  
For native or adopted land.

Each man on deck is here to  
fight!

For flag, for liberty and right;  
Against all foreign monarchs  
might.

No foreign navy do they fear;

And they will sell their freedom  
dear.

The first lieutenant says: "Re-  
treat!"

And his big drum, does Baxter  
beat;

The companies take to their  
feet,

The starboard watch, go down  
below,

The port watch, to their pulling  
go;

Their muscles on the ropes to  
throw.

They pull, they pull, they drag  
and haul:

Sailors, landsmen, soldiers all!  
Before the trade winds still we  
sail—

The good winds blowing half a  
gale;

And almost on the vessel's tail.

### *THE TURK ISLANDS.*

(PASSED ON JANUARY 17th, 1885.)

We now are seven days at sea,  
And with us does it well agree,  
We never breathed purer air;  
Nor felt a breeze so sweet and  
fair,

Than in the tropics now we feel;  
Yet, onward cuts our vessel's  
keel.

At sea, we now are just a week;  
All eyes for land impatient seek;  
And land, dry land is seen at last  
By the lookout upon the mast.

And all eyes instantly are cast—  
Upon the waters wide and blue;  
And plainly with the glass seen  
through,

They see a light-house tall and  
white,

And almost shining with the  
light;

A pleasing and a welcome sight.

And soon the land about is seen,  
An island small; but fresh and  
green—

And owned by England's mighty  
queen.

We sail close by the little isle,  
More near perhaps, than half a  
mile;

And see the light-house—white  
and clear;

With but one dwelling lying near  
Alongshore closely do we steer.

We see another island too—

Arising o'er the ocean blue!

And one name do both islands  
bear,

And one flag do both islands rear;  
The Union Jack o'er both are  
hauled,

And the "Turk Islands," they  
are called.

*PUERTA PLATTA.*

(PASSED ON JANUARY 18th, 1885.)

The fair Turk Islands we pass  
 by,  
 And soon see nought but sea and  
 sky;  
 We sail all night—at dawn of  
 day,  
 We see high mountains far away!  
 And in two hours we are close  
 by,  
 And we heave too very high;  
 Perhaps, a quarter of a mile,  
 And this is not a little isle.  
 We see large mountain ridges  
 plain,  
 Arising from the wavy main;  
 One range quite overhangs the  
 strand—  
 Of this delightful sunny land.  
 The peaks stand very high in  
 air,  
 And there are valleys in the rear:  
 Beyond the valleys then arise  
 Another range of equal size;  
 Another line of valleys now,  
 Before the mountain ranges bow!  
 A very long and narrow plain,  
 And then another mountain  
 chain;  
 A wildly grand romantic place,  
 Our vision can no more embrace.

San Domingo, we behold!  
 Land of fruit and wealth un-  
 told,  
 Land of silver and of gold;  
 Most ancient land of this new  
 world.  
 The christian cross was here un-  
 furled—  
 And reigned triumphant here  
 alone;  
 While yet the mainland was un-  
 known!  
 For in fourteen and ninety-two,

From o'er the ocean wide and  
 blue;  
 The Spaniards to this island  
 came—  
 Led by a man of endless fame,  
 I need not now repeat his name.  
 That name with honor should we  
 sound!  
 The man who proved the world  
 round,  
 And all our noble states did  
 found;  
 Led by his mighty brain and  
 hand—  
 San Domingo's sunny land!  
 With mountains hanging o'er its  
 strand,  
 Became the property of Spain;  
 First island of the Spanish  
 main,  
 The Holy Cross commenced to  
 reign.  
 Through peace and war, it reigns  
 there still!  
 In city, valley and on hill.

I said our vessel was hove to,  
 And this is Sunday morning  
 too;  
 The sun is sweetly shining  
 down—  
 Upon that pleasant little town;  
 A little town well known to fame!  
 "Puerta Platta," is its name.  
 Two short hours here we only  
 spend,  
 A boat ashore we merely send;  
 The boat does not stop long  
 away,  
 She quickly comes without delay;  
 And for Cape Haytien town we  
 sail—  
 Where we expect to get our  
 mail.



## CAPE HAYTIEN CITY.

(ENTERED ON JANUARY 19th, AND LEFT JANUARY 30th, 1885.)

We sail along at half our power,  
Or barely at four knots an hour;  
As we cannot make port to-day  
We slaken speed to make delay,  
And leisurely pursue our way.  
We do not enter ports at night—  
We always wait for morning's  
light;

So we will spend the night out-  
side;

Upon the ocean broad and wide,  
And enter with the morning's  
tide.

The slow night's steaming now  
is past;

The morning's light has come at  
last!

We see Cape Haytien city now,  
And towards it bend our vessel's  
prow.

We see the mountains and the  
town—

The blessed sun is shining down.  
Into the harbor do we steam,  
We all feel as if in a dream;  
So bright and grand do all things  
seem.

Our vessel's motion soon is  
stopped—

And both our anchors quickly  
dropped!

Off shore we are a half a mile,  
And all things on us seem to  
smile.

Alongside comes a bumboat  
soon,

It is the burning hour of noon;  
The bumboats are indeed a boon.  
All of our jolly boys and men  
Charge on the bumboats there  
and then,

And lots of cash is quickly spent;  
Two oranges sell for one cent.

For five cents six bananas go.

The gangway now is crowded so;  
To buy we scarcely have a show,  
And the bananas are so good,  
So pleasant and so sweet a food;  
So full of strength and yet so  
sweet—

That after them we use no meat;  
At table nothing can we eat.

Three times a day, the bumboats  
come,

And every man aboard buys  
some;

Till we get tired of them at last,  
And oranges about are passed—  
From one to one like turf are  
cast.

It was the third day of our stay  
In beautiful Cape Haytien bay,  
Where snugly we at anchor lay;  
Some of our shipmates cast a  
line—

Of very strong and firm twine;  
Into the water o'er the side,  
Into the hot West Indian tide.  
A hook was fixed upon the line  
With a small piece of waxed  
twine,

And on that hook was fixed a  
bait—

Of tender meat two pounds in  
weight;

The bait was large, and fresh and  
sweet,

A most delicious piece of meat—  
And offered as a tender treat

To any fish who may pass by;  
They are invited all to try

This dainty piece of sailor's pie.  
And floating o'er it is a cork.

What noise is that on deck? oh!  
hark!

The pie is swallowed by a shark!

The shark has dived and rolled  
and rolled,

Upon the rope the sailor's hold;  
The shark shows up his awful  
jaws—

His fatal teeth, his horrid maws;  
More fatal than a tiger's paws.

The sailors all around combine,  
They hold the lucky piece of line;  
No more on sailor shall he dine.

The captain fires a musket shot,  
The shark has got it hard and  
hot—

By his intended victims caught.  
A second shot the captain fires;  
The shark is struck—but never  
tires;

But struggles like a death-on-  
wires.

A third shot strikes him on the  
head—

The water with his blood is red;  
But still our shark is far from  
dead;

One more shot lays him in his  
gore,

He cannot struggle any more;

His case indeed is very sore.

His hunt for man this day has  
failed,

Beside the gangway he is trailed;  
And from the water he is slung—

And by the gangway he is hung,  
And thrown on deck his foes  
among;

On sailor flesh, his kind is fed,

But he is fallen—cold and dead;

And let his blood be on his head.

### *THE GOVERNOR OF CAPE HAYTIEN.*

(JANUARY 23d, 1885.)

A funny treat this day had  
we:

More than we thought we'd ever  
see;

For we were ordered in full  
dress,

The reason, we could only guess.

A boat from shore is coming  
near,

And for our gangway does she  
steer;

Upon the quarterdeck we stand  
To do the honors of our land.

On deck our visitors appear;

Our stately visitors are here,  
The mighty ruler of the place—

Is now before us face to face.

The ruler of the town and land;

His dress is flashy, gay and  
grand,

And with him is a gallant band;

They all look brilliant and alive,

The ruler and his comrades five.

But there was something in the  
scene—

To keep its recollection green;

One glance into the ruler's face

Shall tell his origin and race,

And that of his companions too:

They all were of the sable hue;

Which in all latitudes and places

Proclaims a difference of races.

Their dress so dazzling, fresh  
and light—

Looked yet more beautiful and  
bright,

For that their faces were not  
white.

They and their people all are  
free,

They rule this island of the sea;

The white men here no longer  
reign,

The haughty chiefs of France  
and Spain,

Upon this island have no say,  
They have been driven all away;  
The people bask in freedom's  
day:

No more shall they be sold like  
sheep,  
And long may they their freedom  
keep.

### TARGET PRACTICE AT CAPE HAYTIEN.

(JANUARY 29th, 1885.)

We had some target practice  
here,  
The day was beautiful and clear;  
A little raft with sail and mast—  
Out o'er the vessel's side is cast;  
In fact, a little man-of-war.  
Its banner was a sable star,  
Brushed on the sail with heavy  
tar,  
As black as any parsons robe;  
Its shape was round just like a  
globe.

This raft a little off is placed,  
A little fire it has to taste—  
And this is in Cape Haytien bay;  
The sailors aim and fire away.  
They fire on slowly one by one  
Each man aboard enjoys the fun,  
And each in turn gets his gun.  
They fire, they fire, they fire all  
day,  
Some hit and some strike far  
away;  
And all enjoy it like a play.  
The little raft gets many blows,  
But still her banner black she  
shows;

But in the end she has to fall:  
The fierce and fatal musket ball  
Has made its havoc sharp and  
rude;  
The target has to be renewed.  
The firing now goes on once  
more,  
The sable banner suffers sore;  
The whole ship's company has  
fired—  
The little man-of-war is tired.

The soldiers fired the very last,  
At the poor target did they blast;  
Some of them hit the little mast,  
It had got many blows all day—  
And now from Private Tim  
O'Shea,  
Two heavy bullets does it get:  
The little raft is soon upset;  
And fifty of the jackets blue—  
Has pierced the target through  
and through,  
We clean our guns and go below,  
And in the rack our muskets  
throw;  
Content that we have threshed  
the foe.

### TARGET PRACTICE AT SEA.

(JANUARY 31st, 1885.)

For just eleven days we lay  
At anchor, in Cape Haytien bay,  
We hoist our sails and sail away.  
We gaily skip the waters o'er,  
In view of San Domingo's shore;  
Next day our vessel is laid to,  
Some target practice more to do;

But with no muskets shall we  
play,  
Upon the target black to-day;  
To-day, with our great guns we'll  
try—  
To pierce the fatal bull's black  
eye.

The heavy guns on our port side  
Upon the target shall be tried;  
The crews all by their pieces  
stand—

With water, shell and rope in  
hand;

The target is a mile away,  
And now the guns begin to play;  
They fire away the bursting shell,  
And often does their firing tell.

The seamen fire with steady aim  
They are accustomed to the  
game;

What they are at, right well they  
know—

Close by the raft the charges  
go.

The best shot which was fired  
to-day—

Which nearly tore the mast  
away;

Fired with the best and truest  
aim,

From port gun, number four it  
came;

Tom Collins is the gunner's  
name.

All hands enjoyed the pleasant  
sport;

Our guns secured, we enter port.

### SAINT NICHOLAS' MOLE.

Built on a large and spacious  
bay,

Without a ship, or boat or  
quay;

The village of Saint Nicholas'  
lay:

No other life we see around,  
Green hills—our small horizon  
bound.

This little place is called a  
port,

And on its shore we see a fort;  
And in the fort two gaps we  
see;

Some man-of-war must have  
made free

And fired some heavy shells or  
balls;

And made these gaps upon the  
walls;

But whether it was ball or shell,  
Or accident I cannot tell.

While here, we did not see a  
soul;

We only heard the bells to toll.

When we were here two years  
before,

A host of soldiers lined the  
shore;

There were a thousand men or  
more.

They thought we came to take  
the town;

To pull the flag of Hayti down.  
They watched us well both night  
and day—

And when our vessel sailed  
away,

The church bells with great joy  
were rung;

And the *Te Deum* hymn was  
sung.

The people here are very queer—  
And yield it seems to groundless  
fear,

We would not trespass on their  
land;

But this they did not under-  
stand,

And always keep an armed hand.  
For four and twenty hours we  
stay,

No longer here would we delay;  
We see no life, no sport, nor  
play.

*PORT AU PRINCE.*

We leave Saint Nicholas behind,  
 A nobler, grander place to find;  
 We sail the ocean deep and  
 blue,  
 And this is Sunday evening too:  
 The first of February, eighty-five;  
 The windward passage down we  
 drive.

Next morning, what a sight we  
 see—

The hills of Hayti—high and  
 free;

From off the green and briney  
 tide,

We see the hills so green and  
 wide;

And mountains high on either  
 side.

Both hills and harbor are im-  
 mense;

We anchor—this is Port au  
 Prince.

At Port au Prince we anchored  
 lie—

And lovely is the sunny sky;

We are a good way off the  
 strand—

We are two English miles from  
 land;

Upon the bosom of the bay,  
 And all around looks bright and  
 gay.

We see the pleasant Indian town,  
 And mountains which smile on  
 us down;

But as we are not anchored near,  
 We cannot see the city clear.

We see the small boats make  
 their way—

By oar or sail, across the bay;  
 Ashore, we hear the church bells  
 ring;

We see bright birds upon the  
 wing.

The church bells sing their  
 solemn song;

Their grave, their solemn, sweet  
 ding dong!

The sound of which we all know  
 well;

Where is the man who cannot  
 tell—

The sound of church or chapel  
 bell.

The sacred sound, we love to  
 hear,

Though far the shore—the sound  
 is clear;

We almost think the church  
 quite near.

We've heard the solemn sound  
 before,

Four thousand miles away or  
 more

Across the ocean blue and wide--  
 By Hudson, Lee or Shannon  
 side.

The bumboats to the gangway  
 come,

And of the fruit we all buy  
 some;

Of it there is a mighty heap,  
 And it is ripe, and sweet, and  
 cheap;

And Titi is the boatman's name,  
 A man who has acquired some  
 fame.

We all had heard his name  
 before,

When far away from Hayti's  
 shore,

And all his fruit was very nice;  
 We bought it at Cape Haytien  
 price.

Some avocado pears he brought  
 Which at a tariff low we bought;  
 Five cents for three was all we  
 paid—

And Titi did a heavy trade;  
 A heavy roll of bills he made.  
 He also sold a lot of limes—  
 A big round dozen for two  
 dimes,

But much of them we did not get;  
 We had no place to keep them  
 wet.

If we had kettles, pans or pots,  
 Of lime juice, we would all have  
 lots;

We would not let them pass us  
 by—

Our tongues would not be parched  
 or dry;

But we had to submit to fate,  
 As our convenience was not  
 great.

The cooks who had the pots and  
 pans,

Bought some—but not for all  
 the hands;

They had the lime juice tart and  
 sweet,

And sometimes shared it as a  
 treat.

But if a cater spent two dimes—

And for his messmates bought  
 some limes,  
 And sugar brown to make it  
 sweet;  
 All hands could have a cooling  
 treat.

At Port au Prince, eight days we  
 lay;

The day before we sailed away,  
 The ruler of the Haytien state  
 With all his staff so grand and  
 great;

In gayest dress, with belt and  
 sword—

The ship “Powhatan” came  
 aboard.

They looked so brilliant and so  
 gay,

And on the next succeeding day  
 To this, grand visit of the chief,  
 All hands dined on the sweetest  
 beef,

At the great President's expense.  
 We never saw the equal since—  
 Of the sweet bull of Port au  
 Prince.

### *PRESIDENT SOLOMON'S VISIT.*

(FEBRUARY 9th, 1885.)

Our ship lies at anchor in Port au Prince bay;  
 The hot sun is shining, so bright and so gay—  
 On the mountains and vales of this sun favored land,  
 And the scene from our decks is enchanting and grand.  
 The rays of the hot sun are fast pouring down,  
 On mountain and valley—on harbor and town;  
 A heat very common in this torrid zone,  
 But which in our nothern climes is unknown.

All the guns on the ship are transparently bright;  
 All the planks of the deck are remarkably white,  
 And the blue jackets all in their best are arrayed:  
 They are up to the nines for some gallant parade.  
 Our steam launch and two of our boats are away,  
 They are off by the shore, they are fast by the quay;  
 Where awaiting some visitors coming, they lie—  
 And our sailors on watch keep a very close eye.



The launch and the boats having had a good stay—  
 Back, back to the vessel, are making their way,  
 Young Rehbein upon them has kept a close eye;  
 He sees the three boats o'er the waters to fly;  
 And promptly young Rehbein reports that they come,  
 And Baxter is ordered to wallop his drum:  
 And Graham is sent for, his bugle to play;  
 Oh! What is the cause of this bustle to-day?

On the quarterdeck ranged all along the port side,  
 Are the gallant marines in their glory and pride;  
 In their brilliant full dress with their brasses so bright—  
 With their armour so clean, and their helmets so white.  
 And their arms they stack; but they still stand around,  
 And each man is prepared to resume his own ground;  
 And by this time the boats are the gangway beside,  
 And the yards have been manned by the sailors with pride.

To quarters, to quarters, each man to his gun;  
 All hands to their stations—how quickly they run:  
 The marines are in line, and the silence is great—  
 This must be some awful occasion of state.  
 Out, out on the gangway, each man has his eye,  
 Though they look to their front—they look there on the sly;  
 Very soon they find use for their wandering eyes:  
 They are lost, they are lost in amaze and surprise.

How they gaze on the gangway—a stranger is there,  
 With whom in their eyes no one else could compare;  
 The ruler of Hayti; her great man of might;  
 They gaze on a man of astonishing height.  
 Hayti's proud ruler and chosen chief of state;  
 Solomon the President, the greatest of the great;  
 Strong, fearless ruler, so brave and so defiant—  
 Hayti's grand chieftain; her president and gaint.

He stands on the deck in his splendor and pride,  
 And soon his attendants are close by his side;  
 His attendants and he are most superbly dressed;  
 For this noble display they are all in their best.  
 Some are in scarlet, and some are in blue—  
 With stripes and with facings of every hue;  
 Of green, pink and yellow, of silver and gold,  
 And all look so splendid; so gallant and bold.

We used to admire the marine music band,  
 We all thought that Baxter, the drummer, looked grand;  
 But now he must quietly stand in the shade—  
 When Solomon's staff walk the deck in parade.

They enter the cabin, in glory and pride,  
 Each man in the staff has a sword by his side;  
 Each man in the staff has a sword at his hand,  
 And that sword scarcely dry; from the wars of the land.

And there are three ladies of charms so rare,  
 That nothing in Hayti with it can compare;  
 All sparkling with beauty, with wit and with life,  
 And one of them is the great President's wife.  
 And she looks so graceful, so winning, so sweet,  
 With a face so bewitching; it was quite a treat—  
 To fellows like us in a ship so confined;  
 Her beauty and grace we will long bear in mind.

They say this sweet lady was born in France,  
 Be it true, be it false—we could see at a glance  
 Before she, on the deck half a second had stood,  
 That she was not of the pure Haytien blood.  
 For she was far paler than all of the rest,  
 For which reason some of us liked her the best;  
 The other two ladies were beautiful two;  
 But their type of beauty to us was quite new.

But on that queer subject, we were not quite green;  
 For beauty like this we had oftentimes seen—  
 In Norfolk, Virginia, and parts of New York;  
 Though, we saw it never in Dublin or Cork.  
 Their hair and their eyes were as black as a sloe,  
 And their beautiful teeth, were far whiter than snow,  
 And the hearts of the seamen at once would they win;  
 Had their nostrils and lips been a little more thin.

But still they were beautiful, charming and grand,  
 And they were the ladies-in-chief of the land;  
 Of society, they were the centre and life;  
 These two ladies fair and the President's wife.  
 The President's staff, looked so brilliant and gay;  
 We doubt very much if in chivalry's day  
 Such a sight could be seen in strong castle or hall,  
 As all these fair ladies and gentlemen all.

They mount and they walk on the hurricane deck,  
 Upon their gay garments, there is not a speck;  
 They look all around on the mountain and bay,  
 How lovely the scene which they gaze on to-day.  
 They see the blue ocean, the hills and the town—  
 And soon by the ladder they quickly come down;  
 But the chieftain walked slow and kept a strong firm hold—  
 The brave noble hero is now getting old.

And this is great Solomon, Hayti's proud chief,  
 Whose name is well mingled with sad tales of grief;  
 Who has been no stranger to war's bloody hand—  
 For war is quite common in this sunny land.  
 A short year ago a rebellion arose;  
 But Solomon fought down and conquered his foes,  
 And we hope for and wish him a long happy reign;  
 Over this sunny land of the blue Spanish main.

He is very close upon seven feet high—  
 Good humor and strength may be seen in his eye;  
 He looks like a man who has never known fear.  
 In some points the President has not a peer.  
 He's a giant in breadth, and a giant in height,  
 He's a giant in mind, and a gaint in might,  
 For in his younger days he was stronger than five—  
 And President Solomon yet is alive.

He has good understanding for war, peace and law,  
 His head is the largest that ever we saw;  
 His namesake, great Solomon, Israel's King,  
 Who the praises of God in the temple did sing,  
 Than whom no greater man could the world then find;  
 Had not half as much wisdom, or clearness of mind  
 As the man whose appearance we now celebrate:  
 Great Solomon, chief of the Haytien state.

His bearing is stately, majestic and grand,  
 He is well qualified to be lord of this land;  
 How happy the people on whom his face shines,  
 Though sometimes his people fall under hard lines.  
 But such must be so when rebellion and war,  
 Devastate a fair land and all happiness mar;  
 But with Solomon's rule, all rebellion shall halt!  
 For the wars which have been he was never in fault.

He has had a long and a checkered career,  
 But heeded no peril and scouted all fear;  
 Rebellions in Hayti so often arose,  
 He was most of his time in the midst of his foes.  
 But lion in spirit, and eagle in soul,  
 He has come out uninjured, unscathed and whole;  
 He went through a deal in his manhood's young days;  
 But now he is monarch of all he surveys.

In the country his enemies once had the sway,  
 And our chief had to fly from the Island away;

Or the stroke of the axe, very soon should he feel,  
 For his foes had determined his story to seal.  
 His hash they would settle with rope or with ball,  
 For it was so decreed by his enemies all;  
 But our hero escaped from the toils of his foes;  
 To the top of the hill from his exile he rose.

Twelve long years of exile in France did he spend,  
 And there in Napoleon he met a good friend.  
 In the city of Paris, he led a gay life,  
 And there he first met with his beautiful wife.  
 But he was not at home, and he never felt free—  
 For his heart was away o'er the Western sea;  
 His heart was afar upon Hayti's green shore,  
 Oh! Can the great exile return no more?

For Hayti's green mountains his heart used to burn,  
 But 'tis a long lane that has not got a turn;  
 The fair wheel of fortune has turned once more,  
 And Solomon reigns upon Hayti's green shore.  
 His foes are all vanquished, and he has full sway,  
 And we have him aboard the "Powhatan" to-day;  
 See the grand guard of honor upon him who wait—  
 All his gay cavaliers in their grandeur and state.

How they march on our decks in their trappings of pride,  
 And how proud must they feel by their President's side;  
 All the soldiers and blues have their eyes on them set,  
 And this grand glorious day they can never forget.  
 The scene of to-day, takes them all by surprise—  
 And already has cured half a dozen sore eyes!  
 While we live on this earth from our minds shall not fade  
 This giant and chief and this splendid parade.

Yet, a feature still more of the scene will I trace—  
 Though it has very little to do with the case,  
 And had almost eluded my vigilant eye;  
 Although my location was very close by.  
 And I had a good chance for an elegant view,  
 The feature I mean was our visitor's hue;  
 Though without the least doubt a magnificent sight,  
 Their faces withal were not perfectly white.

The President's lady was white as could be,  
 But she came from France o'er the Western sea;  
 But Solomon and all the rest of his train—  
 Being born and bred in the blue Spanish main.

Where the hot Indian sun is so fierce and so bright,  
That the people can seldom be perfectly white;  
Although some people say that it is not the sun,  
But that by generation the color will run.

Whether 'tis from the blood or the sun's awful heat,  
A white face in Hayti you seldom can meet;  
The sun I imagine should make people white;  
But Solomon does not look pale to the sight.  
The Caucasian whiteness his followers lack,  
And some of them are most decidedly black;  
Like their African fathers who came o'er the sea,  
And Solomon's face is as black as can be.

They have now been aboard for two long hours or more,  
The small boats are waiting to bring them ashore;  
To the captain they now bid a final adieu,  
And with all the rest of the officers too.  
The marines give the chieftain a final present,  
And his head is uncovered and gracefully bent;  
For a few seconds more on the deck do they stay,  
When they enter the boats and are soon under way.

And the launch flies away, see how smoothly she runs,  
And that noise? Billy Donovan firing the guns!  
Twenty-one guns are fired for a parting adieu,  
And the sound goes afar on the ocean so blue.  
And the yards and the booms by the sailors are manned,  
While the launch and the cutters make hard for the land;  
And the last gun is fired—its report being dead,  
The President smiles and uncovers his head.

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### THE BULL.

The boats are gone away  
With the knights and ladies  
gay,  
With the mighty chief of Hayti  
and his train;  
With the gallant knights and  
dames—  
Of the noblest blood and names,  
To be found upon the sunny  
Spanish main.

The boats have gone ashore  
And a noble train they bore,

So beautiful, so gallant, and so  
bright;  
Such ladies fair and men  
We may never seen again;  
For, by Jove! they were a grand  
imposing sight.

The officers and men  
In the boats come back again,  
They left the mighty Solomon  
ashore;  
And with hearts so light and  
free—

We secure our guns for sea,  
Such grandeur we shall witness  
never more.

The sun was going down  
Upon mountain, bay and town,  
And all hands were preparing  
quick to sail;  
And steam was rising high,  
When a little ship comes nigh;  
We plainly see the wagging of a  
tail.

Being all inclined for fun,  
To the gangway do we run—  
To see what does the little  
steamer bring;  
We reckon not mast or sail  
For our eyes are on the tail—  
We are told that 'tis a present  
from the King.

With joy and with surprise,  
We restrain our eyes;  
But the owner of the tail we cannot see;  
The boatman gives a call,  
And asks us for a fall,  
Of his cargo highly anxious to be  
free.

We throw him out a fall  
All hands begin to haul,  
For every one was mad to give  
a hand;

We hoist from o'er the side—  
With pleasure and with pride,  
This present from the monarch  
of the land.

Its bulk is very great  
And we feel a heavy weight;

Though every man aboard is on  
the pull;

It comes upon the deck  
And it nearly breaks its neck,  
When Charlie Baxter swears that  
'tis a bull.

Bartley Cook said 'twas a cow  
And there was nearly a row,  
And Private Renfield he has got  
a rate;

He must have had a pull,  
He is captain of the bull—  
Which we got from the chieftain  
of the state.

They lash him to a gun—  
His race is nearly run,  
A'nd in the morning thence he  
is released;

The butcher and the knife  
Put a period to his life.  
And on his flesh we are to have  
a feast.

No salt horse stale or sour  
Do we get at dinner hour;  
But the sweetest beef so tender  
and so rare.

We ate the mighty bull  
Till our bellies are half full,  
And we'd eat two other bulls if  
they were there.

May the Haytien hills be free  
From the pirates of the sea;  
From the admirals of England,  
France and Spain;

Long live the mighty chief  
Who sent this tender beef,  
And long on Hayti's mountains  
may he reign.



## AUX CAYES.

(ENTERED FEBRUARY 11th, AND LEFT NEXT DAY, FEBRUARY 12th, 1885.)

This is the eighth day of our stay,	Like all sweet Hayti's sunny land;
In Port au Prince's lovely bay,	But little sign of human kind,
We put to sea, we are away;	On our horizon do we find.
We are upon the waves all night,	We anchor and remain all night,
And with the morning's blessed light—	And with the morning's welcome light;
The Haytien hills again we sight.	We up our anchor and away.
The glorious hills again we see,	Not one of us would wish to stay;
The Haytien mountains old and free;	And sailing out we backward gaze,
On which admiringly we gaze,	And bid farewell to sweet Aux Cayes.
And warm are the sun's bright rays,	
We're in the harbor of Aux Cayes.	
	Good bye, Aux Cayes, we'll call again,
The bay is of a goodly size,	The ship "Powhatan" and her men
We look about—we strain our eyes;	Perhaps, again may see thy shore;
We see the hills so grey and grand—	But I will never see you more.

## JACMEL.

(ENTERED AND LEFT ON FEBRUARY 13th, 1885.)

Along the Haytien coast we steam,	Next morning, into port we run—
Its mountains all upon our beam;	We hear a Church's solemn bell,
My pen could not their praises tell—	And this is beautiful Jacmel;
And we are bound for sweet Jacmel.	So sweet, so homely and so nice— A perfect little Paradise.
Along the charming coast we go:	Each house a palace seems to be.
Our vessel's speed is very slow;	And all smile down upon the sea.
We have no distance great to make,	
And so our time we slowly take.	Are they all nobles who live here?
We cannot make our port to-day:	Is every man a cavalier?
At night we enter not a bay;	We see no poor man's dwelling near
So we must keep from port away,	Rich fruit grows thickly all around—
And enter with the light of sun.	

This lovely, fair and verdant  
ground.

Our anchor here we are to drop,  
And for ten days we are to stop;  
At least so rumor said on deck;  
But rumor little should we reck;  
We asked Con Leary was it so;  
He promptly answered: "ship-  
mates, no!

That story is a silly lie.  
Before two hours shall have  
passed by,  
To sea again our ship shall  
steam;  
That yarn is an idle dream."

A boat ashore, the captain sends:  
To see the consul and his friends;

The boat returns from the shore;  
Sweet Jacmel, we shall see no  
more

Our paddle wheels are put in  
motion,

And we are on the rolling ocean;  
Sweet Jacmel, lovely, sweet and  
fair,

We leave with sadness on our  
rear.

Our voyage we again pursue:  
Con Leary's prophecy was true!  
And all the firemen, knew right  
well—

We should not stop at sweet  
Jacmel,

We should our trip continue on:  
The firemen knew it all from Con.

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### SAN DOMINGO CITY.

(ARRIVED ON FEBRUARY 14th, AND LEFT ON FEBRUARY 17th, 1885,)

We leave sweet Jacmel's fruitful  
ground;

For San Domingo city bound.

We coast the shores of Hayti still;  
We see high mountain, shore and  
hill—

We pass the Haytien bounding  
line;

Though of it we see not a sign.

The Haytien hills we see no  
more;

We now sail by Domingo's shore.  
They are two independent states,  
But they're the victims of the  
fates;

This pleasant, fair and sunny  
land,

So fruitful, beautiful and grand;  
Is crushed by wars unsparing  
hand.

The two states with each other  
war,

The other's progress each will  
mar;

They lie beneath some evil star.

Each state within itself is split,

Their rulers very seldom fit;

No President can safely sit—

Upon the Presidential chair;

For Revolution flies the air,

And every one is in despair.  
No man can call his house his  
own,

Of it he only holds the loan;

As out of it he may be thrown—

Upon the twinkling of an eye,

When Revolution's hand is high.

No man will cultivate his land;

For fear that Revolution's hand,  
Would rob him of his labor's  
fruit,

Perhaps, and take his life to  
boot.

But San Domingo city now

It right before our vessel's prow;  
 We enter and the anchor throw—  
 Down to the bottom does it go.  
 Most ancient port of this new  
 world,  
 Where Spain's grand banner was  
 unfurled;  
 And pagan idols down were  
 hurled—  
 And where the Holy Cross was  
 raised,  
 And where the name of God was  
 praised;  
 And where the bells of Christ  
 were rung—  
 And where the Holy Mass was  
 sung.  
 While our states did the red-man  
 own,  
 And New York City was un-  
 known;  
 And the red Indians or their  
 squaws—  
 In Massachusetts, made the laws.

Domingo was a great port then,  
 And Princes were its trading  
 men;  
 It was held by the Spanish crown,  
 And Spanish soldiers filled the  
 town;  
 And by their slaves the land was  
 tilled,  
 And by their ships the bay was  
 filled—  
 And Spanish blood was often  
 spilled,

Domingo tells another story  
 For ever gone is Spanish glory;  
 Castilian power is gone and fled,  
 The power of Arragon is dead.  
 The Spanish flag no more is seen:  
 The Spanish King and Spanish  
 Queen,

Who sent the ships to find this  
 land—  
 Great Isabel and Ferdinand;  
 Three hundred years are in their  
 graves,  
 And so are all the noble braves;  
 The men of daring, might and  
 fame—  
 Who first to San Domingo came.  
 The great Columbus is no more  
 And Spain has lost Domingo's  
 shore.  
 But one grand relic doth remain,  
 The Cross which here was raised  
 by Spain;  
 Reigns proudly in Domingo yet:  
 The natives' hearts on it are set;  
 Their faith they never shall for-  
 get.

And here is San Domingo town,  
 No mountains high look on us  
 down—  
 The town is built on level ground;  
 Yet, mountains our horizon  
 bound.  
 The bay is open wild and wide;  
 Yet, safely we at anchor ride.  
 The trade winds on us strongly  
 blow,  
 And quickly on the shore we'd go;  
 But that our anchors safe are  
 cast—  
 And stuck to bottom, hard and  
 fast,  
 The city lies before the eye;  
 A half a mile off shore we lie;  
 Her ancient glory now is fled;  
 Her commerce now is almost  
 dead.  
 A few more ships is lying by—  
 One steamer off the shore is  
 nigh;  
 We cannot see a small boat near;  
 They say that fruit is very dear,

A bumboat comes beside next  
 day,  
 We'd rather she had stopped  
 away;  
 Her stock of fruit is very small—  
 She might as well bring none at  
 all;  
 Most quickly did the seamen  
 buy,  
 Although the price was very  
 high:  
 Three times the price of Port au  
 Prince;  
 But sailors never mind the pence.  
 The only thing that caused re-  
 gret—

Was that enough we could not  
 get.

Three days we lay at this old  
 port—

The rulers paid us little court;  
 The President no visit paid;  
 His underlings no freedom made.  
 Perhaps some insurrection they  
 Were quelling in an ancient way!  
 Perhaps to come they were  
 afraid:

Perhaps they were upon a raid;  
 I think there must be something  
 lame—

But anyhow they never came.

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### *SAIL DRILL.*

Three days at this old port we  
 lay—

No longer did we wish to stay;  
 We light our fires and steam  
 away.

The sea is mild, and smooth and  
 calm;

The air acts on our nerves like  
 balm.

Our ship rolls less on open ocean,  
 And is more steady in her  
 motion—

Than when at San Domingo bay;  
 For three days we at anchor  
 lay.

When out at sea four hours or  
 five;

We got good cause to feel alive.  
 Some heavy sail drill then we  
 got;

More than falls often to our lot;  
 By jove, we had it very hot!

“All hands aft at the braces lay!”  
 All hands are pulling every way:  
 For two long hours we got no  
 spell—

All hands are tramping round  
 pall mall.

All hands indeed, are on the pull;  
 Of sail drill we have all our full:  
 And if we had another bull—

Like that we got from Hayti's  
 chief;

The bull I fear should come to  
 grief,

And soon should disappear in  
 beef.

We sail on quickly south and  
 west,

The paddles now are on their  
 best:

Though old they yet are strong  
 and sound,

And for Jamaica we are bound.  
 Behind we leave Domingo's shore

Perhaps to gaze upon no more;  
 In two more days another isle—  
 Upon our vision wide shall smile.

We sail and steam at greatest  
 power.

We make about nine knots an hour,  
 And Hickok acts as boatswain's mate;  
 His power of lung is very great;  
 So strong from all the bull he ate!  
 The word he gets is loudly passed;  
 He gives his orders quick and fast—  
 And might be heard on top of mast.  
 He sees all motions with a look;  
 And reads the weather as a book;  
 In sailor knowledge he is high,

And to promotion should be nigh;  
 We wish to him a higher rate  
 Than yeoman, or than boatswain's mate.  
 That he may get another step;  
 That to the steerage he may leap;  
 For now there is a vacant billet,  
 And Hickok is the man to fill it.  
 And if the powers are pleased to will it;  
 We hope that long upon the ocean—  
 He may enjoy his just promotion.

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### PORT ROYAL, JAMAICA.

(ARRIVED ON FEBRUARY 19th, AND LEFT ON FEBRUARY 20th, 1885.)

O'er the smooth waves with little spay,  
 The ship "Powhatan" makes her way;  
 From port this is our second day,  
 What land is that before us now;  
 Far off upon our starboard bow?  
 What mighty mountains high are these!  
 So high above the briney seas?  
 Domingo's hills indeed were high;  
 But these are almost to the sky;  
 These mountains, which before us lie.  
 This is Jamaica's sunny island—  
 Jamaica land of vale and highland;  
 Though highlands now are all we see—  
 But I suppose, that vales must be;  
 Where we see mountain ranges high—  
 Low valleys must between them lie.  
 Along the shore we sail with speed,  
 Enraptured with the scene indeed!

But what green plain do we see now;  
 Ahead, upon our starboard bow?  
 Look at that green and lovely plain;  
 Which from the mountains to the main—  
 Slopes out before admiring eyes;  
 That sunny plain before us lies.  
 We enter now the lovely bay,  
 And very hot the sun to-day:  
 Our anchor to the deep is thrown;  
 We find that we are not alone;  
 For in the bay not very far  
 Lie two great English men-of-war.  
 The English flag is reared with pride—  
 Ashore upon our starboard side.  
 The harbor's entrance may be barred  
 From this Port Royal navy yard.  
 There is a heavy fort close by—  
 Which could a hostile fleet defy;  
 The Union Jack waves there on high.  
 Port Royal is a small, small place,  
 And were no navy in the case;

A face you there might never  
meet;  
Of it there would not be a street.  
At anchor, we stop here one  
night,

Enraptured with the charming  
sight:  
Of the green slope and lovely bay;  
For Kingston do we leave next  
day.

### KINGSTON.

(ARRIVED ON FEBRUARY 20th, AND LEFT ON FEBRUARY 26th, 1885.)

We leave Port Royal sharp at  
noon,  
And are in Kingston very soon;  
It lies upon our larboard bow—  
We anchor right before it now,  
And quickly to our vessels side—  
The shore boats come across the  
tide.

In big half dozens do they come,  
And there was plenty fruit in  
some:

Bananas large, and ripe and  
sweet;

The Haytien fruit by this is beat;  
We all invest and quickly eat.

But other shore boats come close  
by—

With fruit more pleasing to the  
eye;

Which makes the company to  
sigh.

They bring no oranges or pears,  
Or any of those common wares

Which bumboats to a ship will  
bring,

Or even such as Hayti's King  
Sent out to us from Port au  
Prince;

The taste of which we think of  
since.

Close by our side these big boats  
pull—

They bring no fruit; they bring  
no bull;

They bring to us a greater treat;

They bring us something far more  
sweet,

And which at sea we never meet.

They bring some Indian maidens  
fair,

With deep black eyes and raven  
hair;

And features with a charm rare.  
The sailors look and take a view  
Of these fair maids of every hue;  
From Spanish white to raven  
black,

No intermediate hue they lack.  
Upon our decks they quickly get,  
And all our eyes on them are set;  
We never saw such beauty yet.

Upon the quarter deck they stand  
These beauties of Jamaica land;  
How lovely is each showy neck,  
As they stand on the quarterdeck.

Why come these fair ones from  
the shore?

What brought them here the  
waters o'er?

Do they come here our ship to  
take?

Do they come here our hearts to  
break?

Do they come here a mash to  
make?

To take our ship they do not come,  
To break the hearts they may of  
some;

But anyhow they are not dumb!



Their business we soon shall  
know;  
To make it known they quickly  
go;

At business they are not slow.  
Their tongues are very soon in  
motion—

To the poor roving sons of  
ocean.

They come not here to cut a dash;  
They came not here to have a  
mash;

But they come here to make some  
cash.

Though they are handsome,  
young and fair—

Of gold their pockets all are bare;  
Their living they have got to  
make,

For which our washing they will  
take.

So that they come to make no  
mash;

But they come here to take our  
wash.

They do not make the trip for  
nought

For lots of clothing home they  
brought;

They shall have something for  
their trip;

When next they come aboard the  
ship.

Shall we get leave ashore to go?  
Our money for good rum to  
throw?

Some say we shall and some say  
no.

Aboard we now are long confined,  
One liberty would calm the mind;  
And for it we are all inclined.

We are six weeks aboard the ship,  
And if ashore we take a trip;

And have a glass or two of beer,  
Our spirits to revive and cheer;  
It would improve us heart and  
soul—

And make us hearty, hale and  
whole.

There is no yellow fever here

Or any other thing to fear;

But there is every thing to cheer.

Some think of going to the mast;

And other shipmates not so fast;

No application thus would make

But would let things their course  
to take.

The city looks so grand and fair,

There are such pleasant people

there;

That some quite crazy for a trip

Would in a moment jump the ship

And in the water take a dip;

And with clothes on would swim

ashore,

And enter the first open door;

With dripping clothes and arms

sore;

All for the love of sport and fun.

This risk and wetting would they

run—

Beneath Jamaica's warm sun;

As they have often done before,

By old Virginia's lovely shore.

When freedom is entirely stopped

From off the gangway have they  
dropped;

A little wisdom thus they lack;

But they feel wiser coming back.

They undergo a quarantine;

To go ashore no more they're  
seen.

For three long heavy months or

four—

Their feet can never touch the  
shore.

It would be better for all hands,  
 To go ashore upon all lands;  
 If liberty they always got—  
 They would not be so wild or hot;  
 Or, be by the gendarmes caught.  
 Like gentlemen they would be-  
     have,

The good name of the navy save;  
 And of the two would be more  
     brave.

But being long aboard confined;  
 Demoralizes heart and mind—  
 Our higher nature it shall blind.  
 So when at length ashore they go  
 To fun, no limit will they know,  
 And self control aside will throw.

We lift our anchor in the bay,  
 And we steam up beside the quay;  
 To get in coal without delay.  
 Oh Heavens! what a sight we see:  
 Could we imagine it could be;  
 Are not the colored people free,  
 Beneath the hot Jamaican sun?  
 By women is our coaling done.  
 With heavy bags on deck they  
     run;

Each brings a heavy bag of coal,  
 And starts it down the bunker  
     hole.

Longshoremen's work they never  
     fear,

There are three dozen women  
     here;

The heavy work has left its trace  
 Upon each working woman's face.  
 They look so hardy, coarse and  
     rough,

Their skin looks worn, hard and  
     tough;

Of heavy work they do enough,  
 And this is Kingston's pretty  
     town,

Above it reigns the British  
     Crown!

Washed by the Carribean waves,  
 Oh! Tell me are these women  
     slaves?

They are as black as black can be,  
 No trace of white blood can we  
     see—

In any of these women here;  
 It is quite evident and clear,  
 That they are of the negro race;  
 Of other blood we see no trace.  
 They are no slaves to queen or  
     lord,

They do this work for its reward,  
 They take this labor of their  
     choice;

No master with them has a voice.  
 They give themselves to this  
     rough trade,

Because they are so highly paid;  
 In this rough way are fortunes  
     made.

They work all day and half the  
     night—

With moon and lamp and candle  
     light;

For meals a short time do they  
     stop:

When back to work they quickly  
     hop—

Their awful work again resume.  
 In our eyes what a fearful doom,  
 For females at this work to be,  
 And yet these women all are free.  
 They are more free perhaps, than  
     we!

For we to Uncle Sam are bound,  
 To serve on ocean or dry ground;  
 On hard tack and soup bully  
     found,

Until our service is expired:  
 Unless that of us they get tired,  
 And we are from the service fired.  
 But these poor woman are not so,  
 At any moment they can go:

And leave their precious work  
behind—  
Or do whatever suits the mind;  
For their advantage or their loss,  
And give no thanks to any boss.

This night some shipmates jump-  
ed the ship,  
And through the city took a trip;  
Of Kingston rum to take a sip.  
In all a dozen or thirteen—  
Upon the Kingston streets were  
seen;  
Though we were under quaran-  
tine.  
They broke the peace of Eng-  
land's Crown,  
They knocked the Kingston cop-  
pers down;

And went to all the liquor shops.  
But in the end the colored cops,  
Fired on by hope of high reward:  
Brought some of our gay boys  
aboard.  
At half-past twelve o'clock at  
night,  
The lads were in a funny plight;  
As to the orlop deck they go  
And are obliged to stop below.  
In our deep sleep they make a  
break,  
They kept all hands an hour  
awake;  
Their tongues were neither dumb  
nor slow,  
They let us know they had their  
blow;  
As it is now described below.

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### THEY JUMPED THE SHIP.

(February 24th, 1885.)

The good ship "Powhatan" is close by the quay;  
We are getting fresh coal in the bunkers to day,  
And close by the vessel, right over the side  
Are the streets of the city, so clean and so wide.

In all the West Indies the best to be found;  
But Kingston for us is prohibited ground.  
All liberty had been refused at the mast,  
And a close quarantine on the vessel is cast.

The city of Kingston is here close at hand,  
But none of us will be permitted to land;  
Except upon duty which some of us do,  
And makes us to feel a sensation quite new.

To people like us, on a ship long confined,  
Sweet liberty is the first thought of the mind;  
And our being so near makes us feel the thing sore—  
And all hands are hard sighing for freedom ashore.

The sun has gone down upon mountain and bay;  
The good ship "Powhatan" is yet by the quay:  
Seven bells have been struck—'tis a quarter to eight,  
For a pleasant night's sport it is never too late!

A lot of our shipmates now took it in head  
 To go to the city instead of to bed;  
 For small was the danger they would have to run,  
 And great, very great, was the prospect of fun.

It was spoken in whispers, but widely it spread,  
 Till a third of the crew had it in the head;  
 Though when eight bells were struck, nearly all were in bed;  
 I said nearly all, but still not quite the whole—  
 The wenches were still working hard at the coal.

And some of the sailors who were not in bed  
 Were fooling about by the gangway and head;  
 And a lot of them slyly got out on the wheel,  
 And their way through the blades did they quietly feel!

As they could not get leave, they shall take it on loan,  
 Regardless of danger to muscle or bone.  
 Like a fish does Hal Osbone jump in the tide,  
 In a moment Bill Chandler is close by his side.

Jem Darcy jumps in, being mad for a spree,  
 And swims like a shark through the waves of the sea;  
 Six more hardy fellows jump in with a will—  
 Tom Sloane, and four others and Buffalo Bill.

The light of the moon is uncertain and dim,  
 And without being seen safe ashore do they swim.  
 In the whole jolly crowd there were twelve or thirteen—  
 And by nobody else was the clever thing seen.

They swim very safely and no one goes down,  
 In their wet clothes they land on the wharf of the town;  
 They make for the rum shops to get themselves warm—  
 They take the good city of Kingston by storm!

Very quickly the rum has got into the brain,  
 And from their wild impulses they cannot refrain;  
 They fight with each other and with the police,  
 Who are here in the cause of Her Majesty's peace.

Very soon by the cops are the wanderers bested,  
 In Her Majesty's name they are quickly arrested;  
 The ship had sent out twenty dollars reward—  
 In the dead hour of night are the lads brought aboard.

I will not give the names of the fortunate six  
 Who got into no scrape for their humors and tricks;  
 They swam to the wheel, and got up through the head,

And their wet clothes at once for an airing were spread,  
And in five minutes more they were snugly in bed.

Twenty dollars on each of their heads had been laid,  
And for those who were caught to the cops it is paid;  
To make them remember the swim and the raid,  
The swim from the wheel, and the raid on the town,  
For which all their pockets are on the look down.

For fines and for wettings they care not a fig;  
They do not care a rap about irons or brig;  
They are no greenhorns commencing a cruise,  
But they are well seasoned and stubborn blues,  
They got what they wanted—they got on a booze!

### *REGATTA AT KINGSTON.*

(February. 22d, 1885.)

Our ship lies at anchor in Kingston's sweet bay,  
And bright is the morning and great is the day—  
A day kept most sacred all over the state,  
For this is the birthday of Washington great.

In the harbor of Kingston, Jamaica, we lie,  
And the sweet little town we are lying close by;  
Very grand is the harbor, and gay is the port,  
When a lot of our shipmates, inclined for good sport—  
For a splendid regatta looked out for a match,  
Volunteers by the dozen came up to the scratch,

The boats from the Captain they asked and they got;  
They go and deposit their stakes on the spot,  
They deposit their stakes, which are handsome and high:  
When away to their boats do they eagerly fly.

The boats have been launched and the men are all in,  
And each is resolved that his own boat shall win.  
Every man on the ship seeks a prominent place,  
To get a good view of the wonderful race.

All the men on the ship at the ports could be seen,  
And their heads all outside they impatiently lean,  
And they all had a show for an elegant view;  
And now of the crews we will take a review.

On the seats of the whale boat, with oars in their hands.  
Are some of the bravest and best of our hands;  
Julian Leardie and Thomas H. Sloane,

Strong in the muscle and strong in the bone;  
 For each got two shares of King Solomon's bull,  
 And the two foremost oars of the boat do they pull.

By Johnson and Tobin two more oars are manned,  
 And my friend Bartley Cook has the stroke oar on hand;  
 Bob Harrison skilfully handles an oar,  
 Tom Flood and Tom Eason pull hard on two more;  
 Two more oars are handled, with strength and good will,  
 By Henry George Murphy and Buffalo Bill.

The names of two more I have yet to relate,  
 And of how they bet I have something to state;  
 Heavy stakes on the opposite side they had thrown—  
 Their boatmates of this not a tittle had known;  
 No surprise if they worked the whaleboat to be last,  
 When upon the first cutter their money was cast.

Bill Bocker, the fireman, was one of the two  
 Who had put heavy stakes on the first cutter's crew;  
 His mate, Harry Thompson, had cast the same stake—  
 It is under their fingers the boodle to make.

And down by the rudder the coxwain does sit,  
 For the high-toned position remarkably fit;  
 Bold Corporal Byrnes sits proud in his place,  
 The whaleboat he gallantly steers for the race.  
 By Joe has the boat race this evening been planned,  
 And by this jolly crew is our noble boat manned.

And now to continue the splendid review,  
 We will all have a look at the first cutter's crew;  
 A middle sized Irishman strong, sharp and boney,  
 Whose name I believe is Cornelius Mahoney,  
 Pulls hard on the bow oar with might and with main  
 That his boat, the first cutter, all glory should gain.  
 Owney Nelson and Palmquist they each have an oar,  
 They are always on hand when there's fun to the fore.

Branet, Marks, Ostensen, Mitchell and Markie,  
 The two N C. Nelsons and not one a darkey!  
 Their seven strong oars do they proudly sit by,  
 For the first cutter's glory to pull or to die.

Willy Smith pulled so hard on another big oar,  
 That the skin of his hands in four places he tore:  
 The name of the coxswain is Peter James Nagle,  
 Upon his right arm he sports a white eagle;



And another good puller of muscle and bone  
Is Michael O'Scanlan from sweet Garryowen.

The signal is given; the boats make a start;  
Observe how they skip o'er the water so smart;  
Just see how they make their smooth way o'er the tide;  
Just see how they pull and observe how they glide.

Have a look at the pullers—the gay twenty-four,  
How each puts his strenght on the blade of his oar;  
Observe the two coxswains—bold Peter and Joe;  
How the weight of their bones on the rudder they throw.

The boats skip along o'er the beautiful tide,  
And they make the same speed—they are yet side by side.  
Three miles from the vessel a heavy buoy floats,  
Which is to be doubled with speed by the boats.  
They must pull around the buoy, and pull back to the side,  
And they pull on together with pleasure and pride;  
All eyes are upon them from rigging and deck—  
The buoy in the distance appears but a speck.

A few feet are gained by the first cutter now,  
As half under water she's running her bow,  
The whale boat tries hard to regain her lost ground;  
To win the proud race all her oarsmen are bound.

The first cutter still has the best of the race,  
Ahead of the whale boat she yet keeps her place,  
And never relaxes the might of her pace;  
The first cutter's backers are laughing with joy;  
Because the first cutter has doubled the buoy.

She has doubled the buoy, she is now coming back;  
The friends of the whale boat are now looking black;  
Peter Nagle knows well how to steer for a race,  
From the deck we can easily look on his face:  
With his weight on the rudder, his eye on the ship;  
His boat is fast getting the best of the trip.

The whale boat at last has the turning point doubled,  
But still all her backers are anxious and troubled;  
Her oarsmen are pulling with might and with main,  
The stakes and the honor so anxious to gain.

They have too much spirit to bear a defeat:  
They will not allow themselves thus to be beat:  
The whale boat at length is increasing her pace—  
She still has a slight chance of winning the race,

She skips through the water; she pulls all her best,  
And with the first cutter is almost abreast.

And the first cutter's crew being witness to this,  
Re-double their efforts the palm not to miss:  
The crew of the whale boat a pattern take,  
And more speed than ever they instantly make.

But it is all no use, they are too near the ship,  
'Tis too late to regain what they lost through the trip.  
The first cutter has it, the race now is run,  
The cutter's bold crew all the laurels have won.

The whaleboat has lost, I suppose it was fate,  
And yet she was only two minutes too late;  
The first cutter's backers are filled up with pride,  
For having put stakes on the fortunate side.

And her crew full of pride on the spar deck is seen,  
All hands are admiring the gallant thirteen;  
The captain invites them refreshments to take,  
In a keg of hot rum lots of room do they make.

The crew of the whaleboat are now on the ground,  
And in hot refreshments are instantly found;  
The crew of the whaleboat are not in disgrace,  
Because by three minutes they lost in the race.

No matter how active are two rival crews,  
One side is full bound in a contest to lose;  
And before the "Powhatan" arrives in Key West,  
The whaleboat may prove herself still to be best.

Before we go North from the fair Indian sun,  
The whaleboat and cutter shall yet have a run;  
Which in Carthagena, perhaps, we may see,  
For one race is nothing; it sometimes takes three,  
To settle for ever which side is the best,  
We shall have some more fun 'ere we get to Key West.

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### SA VANILLA.

(ARRIVED ON FEBRUARY 28th, LEFT NEXT DAY, MARCH 1st, 1885.)

Our ship is coaled at Kingston  
quay;  
Again we anchor in the bay,  
Where we remain for one night  
more,  
And then farewell Jamaica's shore.

At Kingston six days had we lain;  
We face again the salty main;  
The Carribean waves we find;  
We leave Jamaica's hills behind.  
Farewell to sweet Port Royal  
town,

And to the mountains looking  
 down,  
 And to sweet Kingston city fair,  
 And the tall coppers who are there.  
 Again we breathe the ocean air,  
 We may not see sweet Kingston  
 more;  
 We may not see Jamaica's shore;  
 But some of us will not forget  
 The lovely girls there we met,  
 With skin so dark and curled  
 hair;  
 But some for color never care,  
 They always can admire the fair.

To South directly do we sail;  
 From our best speed we do not  
 fail;  
 We are bound for a lonely port,  
 Without a governor or court,  
 Without a castle or a fort,  
 Without a wharf, without a quay,  
 It simply is an open bay;  
 We get there on the second day,  
 And Savanilla is its name.  
 Though small it is quite known  
 to fame.  
 Indeed, it is a small, small place;  
 Has made no progress in the race,  
 Of life or trade we see no trace.  
 A place of fame but not of note,  
 It only boasts of one small boat,  
 Though ninety ships have room  
 to float  
 Upon the harbor large and wide,  
 Upon the large and open tide.

One house is all that we can see;  
 We doubt that any more there be.  
 This house is large and high and  
 bright;  
 Its walls are very clean and white;  
 To us it seems a pleasant sight.  
 Of February it is the last;

Two months of this good year are  
 past;  
 But months, like hours, fly very  
 fast.  
 I wish to memorize the day,  
 We entered Savanilla bay,  
 And that we there at anchor lay,  
 For war is brewing in the air,  
 Upon that land so green and fair.  
 A civil war is on the land,  
 And insurrections bloody hand  
 Is waving revolution's brand!

Upon the very, very day  
 We entered Savanilla bay,  
 A band of rebels passed the way,  
 They took sweet Baranquilla  
 town—  
 The legal government broke down  
 The people of the country by,  
 To save their lives and chattels  
 try,  
 And into Carthagen a fly.  
 The rebels also make their way;  
 At one success they will not stay,  
 For Carthagen a do they lay.

Upon our decks these rumors fly,  
 But knowing rumors often lie,  
 Not notice much of them we take,  
 Some shipmates will such yarns  
 make;  
 But a small boat which passes by  
 Tells us that war's red hand is  
 high,  
 And that the people have to fly.

Some news the Captain, too, has  
 got,  
 But of its import we know not.  
 But guess he has heard some-  
 thing hot,  
 For he gives orders very smart,  
 That from our anchorage we part,

That we leave Savanilla bay,  
 And go to sea without delay.  
 We are to be by break of day  
 At Carthagera, old and grand,  
 The oldest city of the land,  
 To witness hot rebellion's hand.  
 The Captain does not tell us this,  
 But from his orders so we guess,  
 We scarcely can imagine less;  
 For most unlikely would it be,  
 That he would sail so soon to sea,  
 Unless that something very great

And of importance to the State,  
 At Carthagera lay in wait.  
 We did not sail away that night,  
 We waited for the morning's light  
 All night at anchor did we lie,  
 Because the wind had risen high;  
 In fact, it was a heavy gale,  
 With early morning did we sail;  
 The wind by this time had gone  
 down;  
 We sailed for Carthagera town.

### CARTHAGERA.

(ARRIVED ON MARCH 1st, AND LEFT ON MARCH 20th, 1885.)

We made the voyage very fast,  
 And in nine hours our anchor  
 cast.  
 This grand old town we now  
 behold,  
 Which once was full of Spanish  
 gold.  
 But gold and silver now are rare;  
 The place is backward, poor and  
 bare;  
 The people here have nought to  
 spare.  
 But there are grand old buildings  
 here;  
 Our view of them is pretty clear;  
 We see the old Cathedral there,  
 And other ancient buildings fair,  
 And almost all the worse of wear.  
 Upon the hill the convent white,  
 Looks very lovely to the sight.  
 Our anchor is no sooner down  
 Than a small boat comes from  
 the town,  
 Rowed by six dusky sons of Ham.  
 The Consul of great Uncle Sam  
 Steps on our deck from off this  
 boat,  
 Intending to remain afloat,  
 Until war's terrors have cooled  
 down

Upon sweet Carthagera town.

And so there is rebellion here;  
 The seat of war is very near;  
 The rebels march upon the town,  
 To put the present rulers down;  
 The ruling people down to run;  
 And it is thought to-morrow's  
 sun,  
 May show the enemy in sight—  
 May show both armies in their  
 might,  
 Perhaps may show a bloody fight.

This town the rebels will attack,  
 And if successful they may sack,  
 The houses of the people there,  
 And lay the beaten people bare.  
 This day a heavy tale may tell  
 To the poor people here who  
 dwell;  
 And if of omens we take note,  
 From the dark clouds which o'er  
 us float.  
 The very thick and heavy air,  
 On our horizon everywhere,  
 Would seem, perhaps, to signify  
 That cruel war is very nigh,  
 But that the rebels are close by;  
 Each hour we get confirming news

From ship's boats and from other  
crews.

All hands aboard our noble ship  
Expect to have a landing trip;  
To go ashore all hands expect  
Our country's Consul to protect;  
For though the rebels take the  
town,  
The Stars and Stripes shall not  
go down,  
But o'er the Consul's house shall  
wave,  
Our citizens ashore to save  
From the hot carnage of the fray,  
Which may come off this very day.

Without much noise three days  
have past  
Since here our anchor has been  
cast,

### INAUGURATION DAY ABOARD THE "POWHATAN."

(CARTHAGENA IS ATTACKED).

It is the famous Fourth of March,  
Beneath a great triumphal arch,  
Which for him in his glory waits,  
The new chief ruler of our States,  
Accepts the luck the mystic fates,  
Have thrown in Grover Cleveland's way.

He mounts the awful chair to-day,  
And safely on it may he stav.  
May God protect him from all ill,  
And counteract all evil will,  
And may our flag wave higher  
still.

More than two thousand miles  
away  
From Washington so grand and  
gay,  
The ship "Powhatan" lies to-day.  
Far off upon the briny sea,  
In Carthagena harbor we

And war we are expecting fast.  
Afloat the rebels have one ship,  
And once a day she makes a trip,  
To give the citizens a scare,  
She fires upon the city there.  
This vessel rates a single gun,  
And to the city does she run:  
Five miles away she mostly stops,  
But on the town she sudden  
drops;  
She just comes on a friendly call,  
And fires a shot or two of ball,  
But loss of life is very small.  
We have not heard if any fell,  
Though once she threw a heavy  
shell,  
Which burst and fell in splinters  
down,  
Within the ramparts of the town.

Are off in Washington in thought,  
As men who love their freedom  
ought.  
We think of Washington who  
fought  
The freedom of the land to gain,  
Who drove the English o'er the  
main  
As our forefathers did the Dane  
From Erin's green and lovely  
shore,  
To come back never, never more.

The famous Fourth of March is  
here,  
The rebels now are very near;  
In hundreds do they come and  
fill  
The lovely Convent on the hill,  
And in battalions do they drill  
Along the hill, along the vale,

All hands are armed in the town,  
To put the bold rebellion down  
With musket, sabre, shell and  
ball

To drive the rebels from the wall.  
Each gun is loaded sure and well  
With leaden shot or bursting  
shell.

Each sentry has his musket  
cocked;

The city gates are barred and  
locked.

The rebels do they now behold,  
The Convent and the hill to hold;  
Some think the city has been sold;  
The rebels know what happens  
there;

They get their information,  
where?

Such news the government can't  
spare.

But from the town do hundreds  
fly,

Both openly and on the sly,  
Upon the rebel side to stand,  
To change the rulers of the land;  
To have a revolution grand.

The rebels hold the city's keys—  
Their flag is flying to the breeze!

The Fourth of March is not gone  
yet;

Upon the town our eyes are set.

The sun behind the hill goes  
down,

And darkness falls upon the  
town.

When shall we see the grand  
attack,

The fight, the storm, or the sack,  
Or dire defeat and beating back?

In expectation great we stand

Of seeing war to-night on land.

Tom Collins sees a flash of light,

And all hands rush to see the

The Union army within hail.  
sight,

God help Colombia to-night!

The rebels fire three hundred  
guns;

May God help Carthage's sons.

The soldiers of the town fire back,  
And thus concludes the night's  
attack.

But we have heard the noise and  
row,

And on the ship "Powhatan" now

The soldiers all are told to go

And get their arms from below.

Their blankets also must they get,

Upon a trip ashore to set.

We quickly get upon our feet,

No need the order to repeat.

First Sergeant Reefer passed the  
word,

By us no sooner was it heard,

Than for our arms do we go.

We get our blankets from below,

Which on our shoulders do we  
throw,

And for inspection do we fall—

Our officer inspects us all.

Our blankets have been nicely  
slung,

And from one shoulder nicely  
hung,

And like a sash beneath are tied,

So they are slung from side to  
side.

The steam launch then we go  
aboard,

To risk the chance of fire or sword.

Fourteen marines all told have  
come;

We bring no bugle nor no drum;

We think of sport and not of fear,

Our officer is with us here,

We have some hard tack but no  
beer.



Perhaps ashore we may get some,  
Or, better still, a little rum,  
To keep our tongues from getting  
dumb.

The steam launch quickly nears  
the quay;

We pass some forts upon the way;  
We cannot soon forget this day.  
Upon the wharf we safely land,  
And few and small our little  
band,

The Consul's house to fortify,  
To keep the banner waving high,  
Half way between the town and  
sky.

The town gates quickly we pass  
through,

Our way still onward we pursue;  
This old town is to us quite new.  
We reach the Consul's house at  
last.

### *SIEGE OF CARTHAGENA, (Continued).*

The Fifth and Sixth of March  
pass by,

The rebels by the city lie,  
But no great efforts do they make,  
The city to subdue or take.

The city's big guns now and then  
Are aimed against the rebel men,  
Who are encamped the town out-  
side,

But of them do the balls fall  
wide.

The Seventh day of March is  
here,

A heavy battle must be near,  
For we get notice from the town,  
To move our ship the channel  
down,

A little further down the bay,  
To be out of all harm's way,

The doors and windows are made  
fast;

We now await the battle's blast.  
On guard we spend the live-long  
night,

Until the sun renews his light,  
But cannot see a sign of fight.  
As from our guard room we look  
down,

We see the soldiers of the town.  
Across the street their barracks  
lie,

We see field officers ride by,  
And no civilian meets the eye.  
The sentry's challenge loud and  
clear,

One hundred times an hour we  
hear.

A little after break of day,  
Not seeing sign of sack or fray,  
We don our blankets and away.  
Again we get aboard our ship,  
And so concludes our landing  
trip.

So that both armies in their might  
Would soon engage in fearful  
fight,

And that from out the line of fire.  
Our noble ship would please retire.

And soon from Carthagena's walls  
Her gunners ply their heavy balls  
Upon the rebel force outside,  
Who in the bushes are aside,  
Or in the ancient castle near,  
Where bullets they need never  
fear.

Our ship is yet in the same spot;  
Our anchorage we shifted not;  
We see the battle raging hot.  
The town is firing very fast,  
And through our decks the word  
is passed,

That all who please may climb  
the mast,  
Where they could have a clearer  
sight;

Now in the clear and sunny light  
The word is passed on deck, and  
lo!

All hands up in the rigging go,  
Where we can have a better show,  
A wide and very open view,  
Of city and of country, too.

The city's sea-wall guns we see  
Are with the rebel grounds quite  
free;

The rebels are not firing back;  
Perhaps artillery they lack,  
Or bide their time for fierce  
attack.

We think a battle they have tried  
Upon the town's remoter side,  
Where no sea-channel deep and  
wide

Could shut them out from wall  
and town,

Where they might on the gates  
come down,

And with cold bayonet, sword  
and ball,

Upon the city they might fall,  
And seize the gate or scale the  
wall,

Because from that point do we  
hear

The sound of muskets very clear.  
The firing ceases by degrees,  
And from our vessel's high cross-  
trees,

Where blows on us a healthy  
breeze;

We bend our feet, our backs, our  
necks,

And soon regain the calmer decks;  
And in a while our anchor lift,  
And our position do we shift

A little further down the bay,  
About a half a league away.

To-night five soldiers go ashore  
To guard the Consul's open door.  
They hear the fire all through the  
night,

But see no storm, sack or fight.  
They scarcely see a naked sword;  
Next morning they come back  
aboard,

With the First Sergeant at their  
head,

But nine more soldiers in their  
stead,

With courage great and spirit high  
The Consul's dwelling fortify.

All day slow firing do we hear,  
But we are not the town as near,  
As we were on the day before;

We are more distant from the  
shore,

But in the channel where we lie,  
Two belligerent forts are nigh,  
Right opposite each other they,  
Are musket firing all the day,  
And at each other blaze away.

The soldiers of the town hold one,  
And at the other fire for fun.

The rebels hold the other fort,  
And at the other fire for sport,  
For no one falls on either side.

Their bullets fall both short and  
wide,

And not one soldier yet has died.  
About a mile apart they lie,  
And from our decks with naked  
eye,

The men in both are plainly seen,  
Our vessel lies half way between.

But just a little lower down,  
A little further from the town,  
And safely out of harms way  
The gallant ship "Powhatan"  
lay.

*THE RIVAL FORTS.*

In hot Carthagera far down on the bay,  
 The good ship "Powhatan" impatiently lay.  
 A great civil war is fast raging ashore,  
 And good men at both sides are lying in gore.

The channel just here is about a mile wide,  
 And the rebs hold a fort on our ship's starboard side;  
 They are ordered to stop all supplies to the town,  
 And to burn or sink all the nationals down,  
 Who would dare to pass by in a vessel or boat,  
 And to shoot all the government soldiers afloat;  
 And to blow up the fort on the opposite side,  
 But they cannot do much for the bay is too wide.

This fortress is ancient, and great is its fame;  
 It is called Manzanillo, a sweet Spanish name.  
 Don Stephen de Balbo is lord of the fort,  
 Commanding the bay and the entrance to port.

De Balbo is gallant and fearless and bold;  
 He has sixty brave soldiers the fortress to hold;  
 He has two big guns and some good heavy shot,  
 And woe to the foeman who passes the spot.

The Don has some officers by to assist  
 The national government strong to resist.  
 He has a Lieutenant, an Ensign or two,  
 Who for the rebellion their duty will do.

And facing this ancient and strong rebel fort  
 Is a government castle close guarding the port.  
 Upon our port-bow this strong castle is seen;  
 Behind it are large fields of pasture so green.

Don Sampson Carrasco is commandant here,  
 And to the "Powhatan" both castles are near.  
 Don Sampson Carrasco is six feet in height,  
 And his heart and his soul are absorbed in the fight.

In the van of the fight he is sure to be met;  
 He ranks as a Captain and Major brevet.  
 He has no other officer here to assist,  
 There is only one name on the officers' list.

But he has three Sergeants and Corporals four,  
 And of privates he has thirty-seven or more.  
 Through the length and the breadth of Colombian land,  
 This fort is well known as the "Castel le Grand."

The national banner above it waives high,  
 And its men are determined to conquer or die.  
 At the fort of the rebels they fire night and day,  
 And at all rebel boats which are passing the way.

Their eyes on each other at all times are set,  
 And short is the sleep which the sentinels get.  
 They are watching by day, they are watching by night;  
 They are watching in darkness and in the daylight;  
 They are watching the city, the castle and bay  
 From the falling of night to the dawning of day.

They fire at each other, they fire far and wide,  
 And yet very few of the foemen have died.  
 They manage to keep in the shade of their walls,  
 And thus they escape all their enemies' balls.

They fire at their foemen ashore and afloat,  
 And woe to the government steamer or boat  
 That comes within range of the rebels' big guns,—  
 The danger is great for Colombia's sons.

If a boat of the rebels will run the blockade  
 Of fort Manzanillo she must stand in shade,  
 And keep very near it and close by the land,  
 Or the government soldiers of Castel le Grande,  
 Would quickly pour on them hot rations of lead,  
 And lay the boat's company wounded or dead.

Aboard the "Powhatan" we have a good sight  
 Of the firing by day and the firing by night,  
 We hear the report if one musket is fired;  
 Of watching the battle we are getting tired.

But this state of things cannot hold very long;  
 The weaker shall soon have to yield to the strong.  
 All we have got to say is, "May God help the right,  
 May He soon put a stop to this terrible fight,  
 And may peace reign once more on this suffering land,  
 Upon Fort Manzanillo and Castel le Grande."

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### *THE COLOMBIAN NAVY.*

Behold the mighty squadron of the Colombian seas,  
 Observe their haughty banners proudly waving with the breeze;  
 Observe the men upon their decks, how nobly do they stand,  
 They are determined all to die for their sweet native land.  
 They look so fearless and so bold, so gallant and so gay,

This mighty fleet we now behold in Carthagena bay.  
 The world's eyes are now upon these noble vessels three,  
 The grandest fleet that ever waived a banner on the sea.

They have no heavy masts or sails, no canvass do they fly,  
 But they have men determined all to conquer or to die.  
 They have no very heavy guns and not a single shell,  
 But with their muskets they will blow their enemies to hell.

Their stock of muskets is not great, and those they have are old,  
 But they are manned by able men, courageous, true and bold.  
 There are no seamen in the fleet, of gunners but a few,  
 But then you must remember that our gallant fleet is new.

One month ago the great flagship her grand commission got,  
 And ever since by night and day with bullet and with shot;  
 She fires upon the rebels, on the castle and the shore,  
 And many heavy streams of lead upon them does she pour.

She has good riflemen aboard who fire the heavy lead,  
 The rebel ranks are getting thin with wounded and with dead.  
 For many gallant rebels now are lying in the clay,  
 From bullets fired upon them by this "Monarch of the bay."

And "Rafael Nunez" is the name by which this ship is known,  
 And many fatal shells upon the rebels has she thrown.  
 Our sailors have a nickname for this monarch of the main;  
 The sailors of great Uncle Sam call her "Wet Stern Jane."

She is a stern wheeler, and her paddle works behind,  
 And her two gallant consorts are the very same in kind;  
 They are three stern wheelers and by steam they are propelled,  
 Their mission, to annihilate the men who have rebelled.

The gallant Don Fernando is the Admiral-in-Chief,  
 And many gallant rebels have his rifles brought to grief;  
 His father was a mighty Don of Arragon in Spain,  
 Who in the Spanish civil war ten years ago was slain.

The "Union" is the second ship of this majestic fleet,  
 And woe betide the rebels whom this man-of-war shall meet.  
 And Colonel Daigo Dallo, a commander true and bold,  
 Is captain of this noble ship and worth his weight in gold.

A man-of-war looks funny when she has no mast or sail,  
 But looks three times as funny with a paddle to her tail;  
 And looks quite comical indeed when paddling through the main,  
 Our sailors' nickname for this ship is "Stern Paddle Jane."

The third ship of this gallant fleet, the smallest of the three,

Is rather small for fighting on the broad and open sea;  
 But for defence of harbor, or for service by a port,  
 She is as good as any ship that ever shelled a fort.

Two weeks ago she sailed beneath the Yankee stripes and stars,  
 But she has changed her calling, she is now a ship of Mars.  
 She came down here on pleasure, but her owners had her sold;  
 They were well paid by government in yellow bars of gold.

She carries thirty riflemen, her name I quite forget,  
 But her captain, Sancho Panza, is an ensign by brevet;  
 He once had been a private, by his bravery he rose,  
 In charge he was the foremost man advancing on his foes.

Besides these three the navy has another boat or two,  
 They have a six-oared cutter and a splendid war canoe;  
 The cutter leaks quite heavily, the soldier's feet are wet,  
 And her captain, Thomas Flasco, is on heavy duty set,

Six privates and the captain are the gallant cutter's crew,  
 And four hardy soldier-sailors are on the war canoe.  
 She cruises through the bay at night the rebel forts to watch,  
 Though she pretends that she goes out some little fish to catch.

To prove she is a fishing boat, she brings a heavy net,  
 But fish is not the work on which this gallant boat is set.  
 Her captain never fished before except with rod and flies,  
 His name is Carlo Basto; he's a colonel in disguise.

The boats give much annoyance to the rebel forts at night,  
 And ships and boats are manned by men who never fear to fight;  
 And though the rebels gain the day, they shall have lots to do,  
 Before they conquer these three ships, the cutter and canoe.

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NOTE.—At the raising of the siege of Carthage, the Columbian navy stationed there, consisted of only two snips, the "Rafael Nunez," and the other stern wheeler, which had previously sailed under the American flag, the "Union" having been captured by the rebels at the battle of Baru, April 19th. After this poem was written, the government commissioned another ship, the "Colombia," but she was captured by the rebels after being about five or six weeks in commission.

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### *THE COLOMBIAN REBEL NAVY.*

The rebels of Colombia are strong upon the ocean,  
 And in sweet Carthage bay they have a fleet in motion;  
 They have two gunboats armed well, the foeman fleet to scatter;  
 A good supply of shot and shell their enemies to batter.

The largest gunboat of the two for action always ready,  
 Is handled by a noble crew, who fire their bullets steady.



She carries four and thirty men and two big heavy pieces,  
Determined all to die or win, her cruising never ceases.

And "Game Cock" was her former name, and trading her condition,  
Ere she a man-of-war became and got her high commission,  
And in another port and bay she acted as a lighter,  
But was rechristened on the day that she became a fighter.

The name of "Gaitan" now she bears since she got her commission;  
The rebel flag she proudly rears, and great is her ambition;  
Her soldiers never fear a foe upon dry land or ocean;  
But onward for their cause they go and have no other notion.

The rebel flag they yet will place above the town walls flying;  
For which all danger they will face, and would feel happy dying;  
If their dear flag had won the prize, how proud would be their story!  
If they could with their dying eyes behold their flag in glory.

The other gunboat of the fleet is strongly iron-plated;  
She fears no enemy to meet, and she is highly rated;  
She has a mixed, but gallant crew who speaks all sorts of lingo;  
Commanded by a leader true, John Patrick San Domingo.

When first we saw this gallant boat, we thought she was a launch O;  
Until we saw her iron coat, her title is "Commancho."  
She was a peaceful steamer once—a happy, happy trader;  
But these two last eventful months a man-of-war have made her.

Her crew is twenty-five all told, the rebel flag is flying,  
All gallant soldiers true and bold for revolution sighing.  
And in the silent midnight hour, all hands close watch are keeping;  
Until their chieftain comes to power, they never think of sleeping.

Both vessels cruise about the bay, from town wall to the ocean;  
Upon their foemen's walls they play with shell and powder lotion.  
They fire upon the city walls, and on Castle le Grando,  
With shell and heavy cannon balls, and on Fort San Fernando.

They are as brave as brave can be; but they are rather slender,  
Or they would quickly clear the sea, and make the town surrender.  
If their bulk was a little more, and guns more high in number,  
They'd rule the land from shore to shore, and sweetly could they slumber.

And when they meet the stern wheels, the "Union" and "Backwater;"  
To fight them do they bend their keels, for victory or slaughter.  
When of each other they get sight, their big guns are a boozing;  
They instantly commence to fight, and hot must be their cruising.

The rebels have a small boat too, behind a headland lying;

She has a small but able crew, and has no banner flying.  
In deep disguise she goes about, apparently for pleasure;  
Of which her foeman have no doubt, they do not take her measure.

When nights are dark she steals close by the city's docks and entries;  
She well avoids the foeman's eye, and fires upon the sentries.  
Most silently she steals away, her foes do not fire at her;  
She now is on the open bay, and aimless is their batter.

The rebels have a schooner too, whose name I could not learn;  
Not one of the "Powhatan's" crew could read it on her stern.  
She'd steal upon the town at night, the gallant walls to batter;  
But never waited for a fight, her foes could not fire at her.

We do not see her now at all, she has been disappearing;  
She went outside to make a haul, and she is privateering;  
But she will face her foes again, and fight them dry or gory;  
And join the gunboats' gallant men, for dire defeat or glory.

And plant the rebel flag on high, and bring their friends to rally  
And wave their banner to the sky, on mountain, town and valley;  
And place their general in power, as ruler of the people;  
And have the joy bells rung that hour, in every church and steeple.

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NOTE.—At the raising of the siege of Carthegena the rebel navy was very strong. In addition to the ships mentioned above, they had the bark "Colombia," which had been taken from the Unionists: also, the stern wheel "Union" which they had taken from the Unionists, on April 19th, at Baru, and two more stern wheels, one of which was called the "Carthagena," which came to their assistance from some other port, and another small schooner.

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### *SIEGE OF CARTHAGENA (Continued.)*

Our gallant steam launch goes	When just five minutes left the
ashore,	quay,
Of victuals fresh to get a store;	The rebels on the bank who lay,
She has some good provisions got,	At the poor steam launch blaze
Which well nigh proved the dear-	away.
est lot,	One officer, an engineer,
Which ever came aboard our ship,	Was very nearly paying dear,
It well nigh proved a bloody trip.	A bullet whizzed apast his ear;
The soldiers from the consul's	And three more bullets fly close
house,	by,
Each with his blanket o'er his	The whizzing sound is very nigh,
blouse,	Not one is hurted in the fray.
Return by the steam launch back,	The gallant launch pursues her
And little dream of an attack.	way.

George Ufford gives his steam  
full play.

Not one is wounded, shot or cut,  
The launch is at the gangway's  
foot.

The soldiers to their quarters go,  
And tell their shipmates all they  
know,

And likewise things which they  
know not,

About the numbers who were  
shot;

About the numbers who were  
slain,

Upon the town and on the plain.

The strife goes on by night and  
day,

In castle, city, fort and bay;

The castle by the rebs is manned

And to the town is close at hand.

The town's defence seems badly  
planned;

The castle strong is very near,

The rebels' battery is here,

And the poor city stands in fear.

But if the soldiers of the town

Upon the castle had come down,

And had it strongly fortified,

Before the rebels came outside;

The rebels should keep far away,

Or by hard fighting make their  
way.

But it seems very, very queer,

That this strong castle lying near,

Should be left open to their foes,

But now they have to bear the  
blows.

A cannonade they have to bear,  
From that well-mounted castle  
there.

The night before St. Patrick's  
day,

The rebels give their guns full  
play,

And at the city blaze away.

They had been doing so before,  
But having had no shell in store,  
Their firing had been very small,  
Their only missile had been ball;  
But in their wrath they now come  
down

Upon the poor devoted town,  
With cannon, musket, ball and  
shell,

To blow the city all to h—l.

They fire their bursting shells all  
night,

And in the morning what a sight!

Men, who in health last night  
had stood,

Are now laid out in gores of blood;

The wounded people roar with  
pain!

The city's streets are full of slain!

High walls and buildings are  
knocked down!

Alas! for Carthagera town!

But still the soldiers hold the  
walls.

In spite of cannons, shells and  
balls.

Within their lines the rebels lie,

The hostile banners both are high;

One flies the castle ramparts o'er,

And one the town's high walls  
before.

When shall we see the dawn of  
peace?

When shall this insurrection  
cease?

Shall the insurgents take the  
town?

Or shall their foemen put them  
down?

Shall we see harmony no more

On lovely Carthagera's shore?

Of looking at them we are tired,

When shall their last big gun be  
fired?

They fire, they fire, they fire  
 away,  
 From nightfall till the dawn of  
 day,  
 From daybreak till the fall of  
 night,  
 We see small stoppage to the  
 fight.  
 Our mails are coming very slow,  
 And of our friends we nothing  
 know,

Back to the States we wish to go.  
 At last our anchor up we pull,  
 Of Carthagera being full,  
 We leave it quickly on our rear,  
 And soon we breathe the ocean  
 air;  
 Away from city, fort and wall,  
 Beyond the sound of shell and ball,  
 And we are bound for Aspinwall.

### ASPINWALL.

(Arrived on March 21st, and left on March 25th, 1885.)

Next evening at the fall of sun,  
 Our little voyage we have run;  
 With Carthagera we are done;  
 We drop our anchor in the bay,  
 And at this port we are to stay,  
 Till orders come to go away.  
 We do not like this place at all,  
 A bad, bad spot is Aspinwall;  
 For most unwholesome is the air,  
 And sickness anchors everywhere.  
 We all felt bad while lying here,  
 Though anchored to the city near.  
 No bumboat comes the gangway  
 by,  
 No pleasure boat comes sailing  
 nigh;  
 The town runs close along the  
 shore,  
 With ships the wharves are covered  
 o'er,  
 But still no life is in the place,  
 We scarcely see a human face,  
 And yet it is a seaport great.  
 But civil war is in the State;  
 The war which we have left behind,  
 Again at Aspinwall we find.  
 And here the rebels are in power,

In country, city, fort and tower.  
 But things are most unsettled  
 here;  
 The dawn of peace is far from  
 near.  
 And so no spirit, life or fun,  
 From daybreak till the fall of sun,  
 At Aspinwall is to be found;  
 Oh, when shall we be homeward  
 bound.  
 Four days at Aspinwall we stay;  
 We raise our anchor and away.  
 Our previous voyage we retrace,  
 For Carthagera is the place,  
 For which our ship is heading  
 now,  
 And onward cuts our vessel's  
 prow.  
 A strong head wind we have to  
 bear,  
 But find improvement in the air;  
 The sickly air of Aspinwall,  
 On us does it no longer fall.  
 The head winds keep our good  
 ship back,  
 And slowly we retrace our track,  
 And in three days we safe arrive,  
 Is Carthagera yet alive?

# OUR SECOND ARRIVAL AT CARTHAGENA,

(MARCH 28th, 1885.)

We quickly pass Fort San Fernando,  
And just below Castel le Grando,  
Quite close to where before we lay,  
We drop our anchor here to stay.

The Unions still hold by the town,  
The rebels firing at them down;  
Each soldier minds his own dear case,  
And saves his head and saves his face;  
There is no change in this old place.

Manzanillo Fort is nigh  
The rebel flag is waving high;  
And facing it on the other shore,  
The Union flag waives proudly o'er,

Upon the tower of Castel Grand,  
So that the war upon the land  
Is going on but very slow,  
And seldom do their big guns blow.

And the two fleets are cruising here,

And to our vessel pass quite near:

The rebels have a little fleet,  
Which keeps the Unions on their feet.

They have two gunboats strong and tight,

And well accoutred for a fight.  
Both had been trading boats before,

But now by Carthagenas's shore,

Two men-of-war they have become,

And these two gunboats are not dumb;

They fire by day at Castel Grando,  
And day and night at San Fernando.

And sometimes to the city walls,  
They fire their great and little balls.

But they have rivals in the bay,  
Whom they are meeting day by day.

Their foes have got four men-of-war,

Who cruise the harbor near and far.

They have three steamers and one ship,

Who night and day are on the trip,

From town to fort and fort to town,

To keep the bold insurgents down,

With heavy speed they make their way,

O'er the blue waters of the bay.

We are no longer on the sea,  
In Carthagenas bay are we.

We are in Carthagenas bay,  
And on the afternoon next day,  
We see a bloody naval battle.

The rebel gunboats hotly tackle  
With the tall flagship of the foe:

Their heavy balls and shells they throw,

As it is now described below.

# NAVAL BATTLE OF CARTHAGENA,

(SUNDAY, MARCH 29th, 1885.)

BETWEEN THE UNION BARK "COLOMBIA" AND THE REBEL GUNBOATS  
"GAITAN" AND "COMMANCHO."

It is the twenty-ninth of March, and glorious is the day,  
Behold that noble vessel slowly sailing down the bay;  
She is a gallant fighting ship, well-mounted and well-manned,  
Commissioned by the government of this ill-fated land.

She has good muskets on her deck, and three great heavy guns,  
Her crew are gallant sailors all, Colombia's noble sons;  
She has one hundred men aboard, well-armed, brave and true,  
Admire the noble vessel and her brave and gallant crew.

To Carthagená on a trip, three weeks ago she came,  
She was a happy merchant ship and bore a Danish name;  
But she was sold for yellow gold a man-of-war to be,  
And put into commission high to cruise upon the sea.

She was a merchant ship last month, when she came o'er the main,  
Above she reared a flag of peace, the banner of the Dane;  
But she was bought by government to beat the rebels down,  
And christened the "Colombia" at Carthagená town.

How proudly to the ocean does she bend her gallant prow,  
But oh! what other boat is that down bearing on her now;  
Is she a steam launch or a tug, what can this vessel be?  
The banner of rebellion on her stern do we see.

She is a rebel man-of-war, destruction is her aim.  
And soldiers are her mariners, and "Gaitan" is her name;  
She was a peaceful merchant boat a week or two ago,  
But now she wears another coat, she charges on her foe.

She has a small but noble crew of thirty men and four.  
And their hearts' blood in this good cause most freely will they  
pour;

They have good rifles in their hands and two big guns as well,  
A barrel of good powder and a heavy stock of shell.

She comes within the range of shot, a heavy shell she throws,  
Which falls beside her foeman's ship but injures not her foes;  
She fires a musket volley, and she throws another shell,  
Which on her noble foeman now with great effect must tell.

The fire is now returned by their foemen on the bark;  
They fire a shell which falls close by and very near the mark;



They fire a half a dozen more; one strikes her on her side,  
But lays no soldier in his gore—the rest fall far and wide.'

They fire their three great heavy guns and their small arms all;  
They blaze at the poor "Gaitan" with their weapons great and small;

And all this time the "Gaitan" is returning all their fire,  
At length beyond her foeman's reach she safely will retire.

She steams away but goes not far, she soon comes up again,  
And recommences battle with her four and thirty men;  
When lo! another boat-of-war is seen upon the ground,  
Behind a headland she had been and she is coming round.

Down on her foeman does she steer, her hull is painted red,  
Her noble soldiers know no fear, no nervousness or dread;  
She has but five and twenty men, but they are heroes all,  
And down on the "Colombia" like Spartans do they fall.

No fear, no danger do they feel, to-day shall crown their fame,  
Their gallant boat is clad with steel, "Commancho" is her name;  
And Colonel San Domingo a commander true and brave,  
Commands the soldiers on her decks the rebel cause to save.

She steams beside the mighty bark and at her quickly fires,  
And when three volleys are discharged, she suddenly retires;  
In doing so she fires her back some tokens of farewell;  
She fires a hundred bullets and a dozen balls of shell.

Towards her consort then she runs, but stops not long away,  
She only wants to clean her guns to recommence the fray;  
She cleans her arms small and great, then gives her steam full  
blow,

Not for a moment does she wait—she charges on her foe.

The gallant boat "Commancho" is again upon the ground,  
And charges on the bark again uninjured, safe and sound;  
They fire on one another with their arms great and small,  
Until their sides are riddled well with splinter and with ball.

The gallant boat "Commancho" runs her foeman's ship beside,  
And with their great and little guns the day they will decide;  
Aloft in the "Powhatan's" trees we gaze upon it all,  
Enjoying a delightful breeze while gallant heroes fall.

The bark and the "Commancho" lie together side by side,  
An awful sight to human eye; are they together tied?  
Upon each other they can play with nothing to prevent,  
And madly do they blaze away with war's terrific vent.

For nine long minntes do they fight; each port is trebly manned,  
 In all their rage and strength and might, a fearful hand to hand;  
 At least eight hundred bullets hot must have been fired in all;  
 How many gallant men are shot with splinter and with ball?

How many noble soldiers in these minutes nine have died?  
 These nine long minutes must at least the awful day decide.  
 The gallant boat "Commancho" from her foeman now retires,  
 But boat and bark, through thick and thin, keep up two steady  
 fires.

The other gunboat, the "Gaitan," keeps firing at her foe,  
 But keeps two hundred yards away, no nearer does she go;  
 While the "Commancho" and the bark are fighting breast to  
 breast,

She pours her fire close by the mark and gives her foe no rest.

The noble boat "Commancho" has a cask of powder dry,  
 It lies quite carelessly on deck and takes the foeman's eye;  
 And right upon the powder cask a piece of shell is thrown,  
 It catches fire and high in air with awful noise is blown.

The union bark "Colombia" has ceased her heavy fire,  
 And from the awful battle ground she slowly will retire;  
 The rebel gunboats do the same, the battle now is o'er,  
 But oh! how many gallant men are lying in their gore?

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### *AFTER THE BATTLE.*

All hands descend the rigging  
 down,

The gallant ships are scattered.

Alas! for Carthagena town!

Her fighting ships are battered.

The gunboats and the gallant  
 bark

Are now beyond our sighting;

But we know not how many men

Have perished in the fighting.

We know no ship was sunk or  
 lost,

Or by its foe was taken;

But we know that they have been  
 tossed,

And most severely shaken.

We saw their hulls half broken in

By the fierce cannon's rattle;  
 But we know not how many men  
 Have perished in the battle.

The big guns had been highly  
 fed,

And fearfully they thundered;

We fear some gallant men are  
 dead,

There must have been a hundred.  
 Our steam launch has been called  
 away,

The doctor gets inside her;

And the blue waters of the bay,  
 From us shall soon divide her.

The gallant soldiers' wounds to  
 staunch,

Of life to stop the losing;  
 Upon our noble gallant launch,  
 The doctor goes a cruising;  
 And Harry Brinkley goes with  
     him,  
 Most serious his face is;  
 To help him with each wounded  
     limb,  
 And all the heavy cases.

A rebel gunboat they are near,  
 They step out of the launch O;  
 But red-cross men no danger fear,  
 They are on the "Comincho."  
 The red-cross banner high in air,  
 By Brinkley is unfurled;  
 A flag respected everywhere,  
 All over this wide world.

The rebels see the sacred sign,  
 The Ensign of Redemption;  
 And like good soldiers fall in line,  
 And stand up to attention.  
 Eleven wounded men they find,  
 And two of them are dying;  
 Each wounded limb they softly  
     bind,  
 Upon the bare deck lying.

It was an awful sight to see,  
 So hard and so unsightly;  
 And Patrick San Domingo's knee,  
 Is wounded very slightly.  
 Aboard the "Gaitan" now they  
     go,  
 From their work rather warm;  
 But here the bullets of the foe,  
 Had done but little harm.

For not a man aboard was killed,  
 Through all the heavy firing;  
 In taking shelter they were skill-  
     ed,  
 And under shade retiring.  
 A flesh-wound did one soldier get,  
 The man could scarcely feel it;  
 They dressed it with a bandage  
     wet,  
 Which very soon must heal it.

To the "Colombia" they go,  
 The foeman of the others;  
 But red-cross men no party know,  
 To all men they are brothers.  
 One man is wounded in the hand,  
 His arm is disjoined;  
 No longer can he serve his land,  
 He is not disappointed.

The firing had been very hot,  
 Both musketry and shelling;  
 And how so very few were shot,  
 Is quite beyond my telling.  
 Both parties had the best of fate,  
 They did not fall like cattle;  
 And Satan for a haul must wait,  
 Until some other battle.

Of course they all some cover got,  
 To save them from their foemen;  
 For soldiers in a fight do not,  
 Expose themselves like showmen.  
 The dead and wounded list all  
     told,  
 Was two men and eleven;  
 Of whom two died, and being rebs,  
 They must have gone to heaven.

### *BLOCKADE, BUT LITTLE FIGHTING.*

Not much more fighting do we  
     hear,  
 They of each other stand in fear;  
 The three wet sterns cruise about,

They once put the "Gaitan" to  
     rout;  
 But in it there was no blood shed,  
 On either side not one lay dead.

All hands are anxious to go  
home,  
No more on this far sea to roam;  
We hate the coast—the heavy air,  
No more time here have we to  
spare.

The days and weeks pass slowly  
by,  
At Carthagera yet we lie;  
The flag of discord yet is high;  
The war goes on but very slow;  
The loss of life is very low.  
The rival forts across the bay,  
Fire at each other once a day,  
And all hands under cover stay.  
The rival fleets we seldom see,  
We know not where the gunboats  
be;

The stern-wheels are by the town,  
They pass but seldom up or  
down;  
We see them barely once a week,  
They cruise no more their foes to  
seek;

The city's big guns do not speak.  
The rebels are encamped outside,  
Their time most patiently they  
bide;

Upon the town they do not blow,  
They do not want to kill the foe.  
The town is full of their dear  
kin,  
To murder whom would be a  
sin.

But as they would the city win,  
Without a heavy loss of life,  
Thus do they wish to close the  
strife.

The Unionists they will starve  
out,

The rebs know what they are  
about;

They will not slay their foes like  
sheep,

But all provisions will they  
keep  
Outside the ramparts of the  
town,  
Until the Unions shall come  
down;  
And make submission bare and  
low,

Before the stronger rebel foe.  
Before the rebels must they  
throw,  
Themselves and their belongings  
all,

Before the rebs thus must they  
fall,  
Or else inside the city wall.  
One ounce of food shall never  
go;

The only food the rebel foe,  
Will to the starving people give,  
Is not the kind to make them live.  
For bursting shell or solid ball,  
They may send in above the wall,  
Of bread they will send none at  
all.

The Union Dons no meat can  
carve,  
The common people all must  
starve,

Unless they drive the foe away,  
Or say that they have lost the  
day;

And their resistance must they  
cease,

And with the rebels sue for peace.  
And they must bring their gran-  
deur down,

And to the rebs give up the town,  
And open all their gateways wide,  
And let the rebs march through  
in pride;

In triumph march through square  
and street,

Before the people shall get meat,  
Or bread or other food to eat,

*BATTLE OF BARU.*  
(SUNDAY, APRIL, 19th. 1885)

It is three long weeks and a day;  
Since we re-entered this old bay,  
And we are sick of our long stay:  
One heavy battle have we seen—  
The stern wheels and bark be-  
tween;

Which we have written of before;  
Of fighting we have seen no more.  
Except some shots from fort to  
fort—

In which there is but little sport;  
And almost all the mark fall wide  
And fall into the briney tide;  
And seldom strike the other side.

The Union fleet sail down the bay  
And glorious is the sun to-day:  
The three wet sterns in their  
pride;

Pass by us on the sunny tide.  
They pass the ship "Powhatan"  
by—

Their country's fate this day to  
try.

The "Rafael Nunez," in her pride,  
And the brave "Union" at her  
side;

And the third stern wheeler too:  
Their country's work this day  
to do;

And all look strong, and fresh  
and new.

They sail along to meet the foe:  
The rebel gun boat down below;  
Which by the rebel village lies—  
Wide open are the soldier's eyes.

They see the rebel boat at last,  
And on her they charge hot and  
fast;

The rebels have a village by,  
The rebel flag is waiving high!  
A little town without a wall,  
And strongly held—though very  
small;

Which the three stern wheels  
attack.

No courage do the Unions lack;  
They fire upon the rebel town;  
To bring the haughty rebels  
down.

"Back Paddle" and "Wet Stern  
Jane,"

Their shells and bullets hotly  
rain;

Their other consort does the same:  
The three wet sterns know their  
game.

Upon the "Gaitan" and the shore  
Their heavy fires they hotly pour;  
Far down on Carthagena bay—  
Two miles from where our vessel  
lay;

The fight goes on for half a day;  
The rebs are ready for the foe:  
The rebs return blow for blow;  
In their good cause their hearts  
they throw.

Behind their breastworks do they  
stand,

To do the honors of the land;  
To San Domingo's armed band.  
San Domingo is the man—  
Who did this bloody battle plan;  
The union general is he,  
And admiral upon the sea:  
From Panama, Domingo came:  
Here to uphold the nation's fame,  
And to keep up the nation's name.

The rebels fire their shot and  
shell,

And will their footing dearly sell;  
The fight is raging very hot—  
And of the rebs a few are shot;  
In heavy fire both sides are  
caught.

Hour after hour they fire away,  
The stern wheels upon the bay;

Upon the open village play—  
Which the bold rebs most coolly  
take,  
And hot return do they make;  
For their good cause, and coun-  
try's sake.

At last one heavy stern wheel.  
Not taking care her way to feel;  
Has touched the bottom with her  
keel:

Although she has no anchor cast,  
She finds that she is anchored  
fast.

Her consorts from her side have  
passed;

The two "Wet Stern Janes" must  
go—

They cannot fight the rebel foe;  
They find the rebels are not slow;  
They think it better to retreat—  
No more the rebel's fire to meet:  
The rebel fire to meet no more;  
From off the gunboat or the  
shore.

The third "Wet Stern Jane" is  
fast,

Securely is her anchor cast;  
Far too securely should I say,  
She would but cannot go away:  
This is for her a fatal day.

Her consorts fly and she is here,  
And for her footing must pay  
dear;

She has good cause to stand in  
fear.

The rebels all upon her fire,  
And of their sport they never tire;  
She now is riddled hard and hot,  
And five of her good men are  
shot!

One rumor said that six were  
slain;

Alas! for poor "Wet Stern Jane!"

At last a tumble do they take,  
No more resistance will they  
make;

They wave a flag of truce on  
high—

Which quickly takes the rebel's  
eye;

The firing which had been so hot;  
Has ceased upon the mortal spot!

"Wet Stern Jane" is close to land;  
Some of the bold insurgent band,  
Wade out up to their very necks.

And soon are on the bloody decks,  
Around they see their foemen  
slain;

The wounded soldiers roar with  
pain;

Alas! for poor "Wet Stern Jane!"

The Union banner has been  
lowered:

In triumph do the rebels board;  
Her captain gives away his sword.  
Her soldiers stack their arms all,  
And in a line at once they fall:

And with their hands held up in  
air;

Of belts and muskets being bare;  
They stand before the rebels  
there.

Before their conquerors they  
stand—

But all are children of one land;  
The rebels have the stronger  
hand:

The rebs are under fortune's star;  
Their foes are prisoners of war.

They had three fighting ships  
before:

To fight the town, to watch the  
shore;

But now they have one vessel  
more.



This is for them a lucky day;  
 They are the victors in the fray;  
 They have four vessels on the bay.  
 The Unions now have got but  
 three;

The rebs are stronger on the sea;  
 The rebs are stronger on the  
 shore,

And now the rebel flag waves o'er.  
 The deck of poor "Wet Stern  
 Jane,"

Above her does the red flag reign;  
 While yet her wounded are in  
 pain.

Their wounds are dressed with  
 softest lent,  
 And then all hands ashore are  
 sent:

But the poor prisoners of war;  
 Are not sent from the vessel far.  
 They all embrace the rebel cause;  
 In spite of loyalty's straight laws,  
 And on their action do not pause.  
 The rebel cause they all embrace;

Their comrades in hot war to  
 face—  
 We do not much admire their  
 case.

The bodies of the fallen brave—  
 Who for both causes died to save;  
 Are now all borne to the grave.  
 Outside the little rebel town  
 The fallen soldiers are laid down:  
 They now are laid beneath the  
 soil;

They never, never more shall  
 toil;

They never, never more shall  
 fight:

Indeed, it was a solemn sight.  
 While they are laid beneath the  
 land,

Their friends and foes above them  
 stand;

Their friends and foes are hand-  
 in-hand.

Each fallen brave is laid in bed;  
 The living go and leave the dead!

### *GENERAL GAITAN.*

The rebels have a leader great;  
 A man of courage, skill and  
 weight,

A noble, gallant, fearless man,  
 Is their great general, Gaitan.

A patriot indeed is he—

No truer patriot can be,  
 And he will set his country free.  
 With tender heart but iron will,  
 From his headquarters on the hill,  
 He overlooks the battle ground,  
 And at his post is always found,  
 For he is earnest, whole and  
 sound.

And if the rebs are beaten down  
 Before the ramparts of the town,  
 And that they have to fly away,

From Carthagera's bloody fray,  
 The latest man in the retreat,  
 And slowest in the use of feet,  
 Will be that noble, fearless man,  
 The gallant rebel chief, Gaitan.

And if Gaitan shall take the town,  
 And put the Union leaders down,  
 It will be a most happy day  
 For all concerned in the fray,  
 For he shall prove a friend in need;  
 The starving people will he feed,  
 For he is saving bread and meat,  
 To give his enemies to eat—

To be divided in the street,  
 Between the people of the town,  
 When they shall pull their colors  
 down.

And if the people starve to death,  
 And to cold hunger yield their  
 breath,  
 When he would give them meat  
 and bread,  
 Their blood be on Domingo's head  
 The great Gaitan his bread will  
 spare  
 With all his enemies to share,  
 If they will but their ramparts  
 yield,  
 And own him master of the field.

Gaitan is by his men adored;  
 They will encounter fire and  
 sword,  
 And face their foemen's deadly  
 balls  
 From Carthage's awful walls!  
 When they know that it is his will,  
 But little blood Gaitan will spill.  
 One drop of blood he would not  
 shed,  
 Nor wish to see a foeman dead,  
 If he could close the awful strife  
 Without the loss of human life.

The people all are at his side,  
 Throughout the country far and  
 wide;  
 In him there is no pomp or pride.  
 Each rebel soldier does his most  
 For the commander of the host;  
 Each rebel officer and man  
 Would lose his life to save Gaitan.

Some of the ship "Powhatan's"  
 crew,  
 Blue jackets and cheese cutters,  
 too,  
 One April morning left the ship  
 Upon a pleasant pleasure trip.  
 They went ashore and took a  
 tramp,  
 And struck upon the rebel camp.

By accident on it they ran,  
 And there met General Gaitan,  
 As usual upon his post,  
 And nobly did he act the host  
 To our disciples of the sea,  
 A perfect gentleman is he.

His family came o'er the main,  
 From the romantic land of Spain,  
 Where they held rank and high  
 degree,  
 But wanted to be still more free,  
 And so they came across the sea.  
 Gaitan is of a noble race;  
 Nobility is in his face;  
 And nobler blood has never run  
 Beneath the warm Spanish sun,  
 In King or Knight, or fighting  
 man  
 Than runs so freely in Gaitan.

With our disciples of the sea  
 Gaitan was courteous, frank and  
 free,  
 With posture gentle, but erect;  
 To all he paid the same respect,  
 And gave his free and honest hand  
 To each of the "Powhatan's"  
 band.  
 With Jepson, our ship's writer, he  
 Shook hands quite warmly and  
 free.  
 To Hickok, our pay yeoman, too;  
 And more of the "Powhatan's"  
 crew,  
 Both officers and jackets blue,  
 He did the honors of the land,  
 To each he gave his honest hand.

He is as humble as a child,  
 And though his men are bold and  
 wild,  
 He has them under his control,  
 For he has a commanding soul.  
 Commanding power is in his eye;

His soldiers all for him would die;  
 And though he may not gain the  
     day  
 In this uncertain present fray,  
 He yet shall lead a greater band  
 Than that which he has now on  
     hand,

He shall be ruler of the land.  
 A President he yet shall be,  
 And rule the land from sea to sea,  
 And in the chair of Nunez sit,  
 For which post he is fully fit.  
 The country has no better man  
 Than the insurgent chief, Gaitan.

### *PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE.*

(MONDAY, APRIL 20th, 1885).

“Wet Stern Jane” is in com-  
     mission;  
 Another course has her ambition;  
 No longer for the Unions she  
 Is cruising on the briny sea.  
 The rebel flag she proudly waves,  
 Her decks are full of rebel braves,  
 In all their glory, strength and  
     pride,  
 To fight against the Union side;  
 Though some of them one day  
     ago,  
 Fought for the haughty Union  
     foe;  
 Fought for the Unions hard and  
     hot,  
 Upon this very, very spot.  
 But fate has changed their bear-  
     ings now,  
 And to the rebel side they bow.  
 They came the rebels to attack;  
 They came the rebel town to  
     sack;  
 And when to Carthagera back,  
 They will on their new mission  
     go,  
 It will be as the Unions’ foe.

The rebels are in spirits high,  
 More daring actions will they try,  
 Outside no longer will they lie.  
 Commissioned is “Wet Stern  
     Jane,”  
 To fight the Unions on the main,  
 She now most cheerfully will rain,

As hot a fire as she can throw,  
 Upon the hated Union foe.  
 Back to the town wall will she go,  
 Upon her former friends to play,  
 With shot and shell by night and  
     day.  
 “Wet Stern Jane” fears not a  
     fray,  
 “Wet Stern” is a gallant boat,  
 ’Tis true she is a turncoat.  
 She changed her flag upon the  
     main,  
 But ’tis no fault of “Wet Tailed  
     Jane,”  
 If o’er her does the red flag reign.

The rebels just outside the walls,  
 With bullets and with heavy  
     balls,  
 Upon this awful April night,  
 Keep Carthagera to her fight.  
 Aboard the ship “Powhatan” we,  
 Although three English miles at  
     sea,  
 The big guns’ rattle plainly hear,  
 And the fort batteries more near.  
 The big guns of Castel le Grand,  
 Manned by a hardy Union band,  
 Upon sweet Manzanillo play,  
 All night until the break of day.  
 The musket shots we plainly hear,  
 And their reports are very clear;  
 We hear them clear, as clear can  
     be,  
 The sound is carried on the sea;

And through the silent midnight  
air,  
It could be heard ten miles from  
there.

Upon the poor devoted town,  
The rebel batteries fire down,  
And back upon the rebels then,  
The hardy city's fighting men,  
Fire all their arms great and  
small;

Their bursting shells and heavy  
ball,

They fire upon the rebels all.

The ship "Powhatan" lies away,  
Three miles at least upon the bay,  
And silently we see the fray,  
Or hear the firing loud, I mean,  
For very little have we seen.

We barely see the flash of light,  
So sudden and so fiercely bright  
Amid the darkness of the night.  
'Tis fearful to behold each flash,  
And to imagine what a crash,  
Its fearful messenger may make,  
How many lives one shell may  
take.

The rebels seem the stronger  
side,

At present they are full of pride;  
By reason of their better luck,  
For that on yesterday they took,  
"Wet Stern Jane" upon the  
shore,

And now their fighting ships are  
few;

The schooner out upon the bay,  
Which from the city keeps away;  
The tugs "Commancho and  
"Gaitan,"

Commanded by an able man,\*  
Who can a naval battle plan,  
In harbor or upon the main;  
Their fourth ship is "Wet Stern  
Jane"

\*Commodore Eckert.

The Union navy now is low,  
And is far weaker than its foe,  
And to the wall I fear must go.  
The bark "Colombia" they keep  
In some far corner of the deep;  
We know not where she is abide,  
The bay is open, broad and wide.  
She never takes a cruise about,  
To put the rebel boats to rout;  
But keeps in some sweet cozy  
spot,

Beyond the range of bullets hot.  
The two "Wet Stern Janes" are  
here,

And seem to know not much of  
fear;

They always are about the bay,  
And ready for a fight or fray,  
And anxious their old foes to  
meet;

These two compose the Union  
fleet.

How mortifying it must be,  
To these two war ships of the sea,  
To see their sister—th'other Jane,  
Opposing them upon the main;  
Unnatural it must appear,  
To see their sister once so dear,  
Now cruising on the rebel side;  
How mortifying to their pride,  
Their sister as their foe to see;  
But stranger things shall some-  
times be.

How many men were killed this  
night,

In camp and city through the  
fight;

By bullet, bayonet, ball and shell,  
I am unable now to tell,  
Communication is not great,  
And for details I have to wait;  
And when particulars are got,  
Of all the rebs and Unions shot,  
I will insert it in my rhyme,  
And that at no far distant  
time.

TUESDAY, APRIL 21st.

Next morning breaks as bright  
and clear,

As any morning in the year;  
The morning dawns as clear and  
bright,

As if there had not been a fight,  
Ashore through half the previous  
night.

The fighting ceased at midnight  
hour;

And sleep's recuperative power,  
Is by both rebs and Unions  
sought,

And fire and flash are down to  
nought.

The day is sunny, hot and grand,  
The sun shines brightly on this  
land;

His rays are hotly pouring down  
On Carthagera, bay and town,  
Upon the rebels full of pride,  
And on their foes the walls in-  
side.

The rebels seem in luck this day,  
Another man-of-war have they;  
Another ship is in the bay,  
Another large "Wet Stern Jane,"  
Has come from o'er the Spanish  
main,

The rebel general to aid,  
And Carthagera to blockade;  
And are the Unions not afraid?

The Union General is tough,  
Domingo is of stern stuff;  
But his strength is not half en-  
ough,

Before the rebels now to stand.  
The rebels have the stronger  
hand,

And must in time possess the  
land.

The new rebel "Wet Stern Jane,"

Has brought from o'er the Span-  
ish main,

A force of soldiers true and tried,  
To fight upon the rebel side;

To charge on Carthagera town,  
And pull the Union banner down.

The rebel army now is great.  
And at no very distant date,

The Unionists for peace must sue,  
And must give up the city too.

The rebel army shall march in;  
The rebels must the city win.

I almost think it is a sin—  
For San Domingo not to go:

And come to terms with the foe;  
And thereby loss of life prevent.

Within the ramparts is he pent;  
The people have no food to eat:

They have no bread, they have  
no meat,

The great Gaitan, the rebel chief;  
Will not let in an ounce of beef,

In them to keep the breath of  
life;

Much better far to close the strife.  
At once, all fighting then should  
cease;

The city would repose in peace:  
The rebels would provisions bring

The rebs and unions all might  
sing;

With joy they would the church  
bells ring.

The rebs and Unions shall be one,  
Instead of father, fighting son;

As may be seen this very day,  
In this most cruel civil fray;

One brother is a Union bold—  
The city's ancient walls to hold;

Another brother is outside  
And in the rebel cause feels pride;

And war must this dispute de-  
cide.

The sun is gently falling down,

On Carthagera bay and town,  
There had not been much fire all  
day—

The night time is the time for  
play;

For foe at foe to fire away.

Last night's hard firing they  
repeat—

And in the middle of the street;  
The rebels do their missiles  
throw.

This night how heavy is the blow,  
They strike at the poor Union foe;  
From night fall until midnight  
hour,

In all their might and strength  
and power!

From castle and from wall and  
tower!

At one another do they play,  
How awful noisy is the fray;  
Yet, all hands under cover stay.  
With shot and shell the town is  
filled;

Yet, not a single man is killed.  
Our consul did the powder smell;  
His house was entered by a shell;  
But none of his large household  
fell.

It entered by an upper door—  
And burst upon the corridor;  
And flew in splinters on the floor.  
It must have been a stupid aim,  
For which the rebs should get no  
blame:

The rebs respect our country's  
name,  
And would not shell that sacred  
spot;

Our banner they would injure  
not;

It must have been a random shot.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22d.

Excitement now is at its height,

The rebels in their strength and  
might—

Are gaining quickly in the fight.  
Of fighting ships they now have  
five;

Their men are active and alive,  
And fit to fight with courage  
high—

To take the city or to die!

Alas! for the poor Union side,  
They have bare walls and empty  
pride:

The city they will not surrender;  
Although their strength is very  
slender.

Aboard the ship it now is said,  
The Unionists have lost their  
head;

The Unionists have lost their  
chief;

If true, their cause must come to  
grief.

“The great Domingo brave and  
grand,

The greatest leader in the land;  
Who has the Union cause in hand;  
The Union chief by land and sea,  
And ruler of the town is he:

While with some men outside the  
town,

The rebel soldiers run him down;  
They take him captive sure and  
sound—

And bring him to the rebel  
ground.”

We laughed when we were told  
this tale,

And in two hours it was quite  
stale;

Of course we all believed it not—  
That San Domingo could be  
caught.

We asked Con. Leary was it true,  
And in a passion high he flew;



And said: "Domingo is all right;  
He was not captured in the fight,  
Domingo has gone out of sight;  
Some other chief the case must  
mend;

The great Domingo, he has  
skinned!

The great Domingo has skinned  
out,

And I have not the slightest  
doubt—

That he is better off to-day:  
Than when engaged in bloody  
fray.

No more shall he lead men to  
flight—

He spread his wings and took to  
flight;

And at the midnight hour to-  
night,

I will peruse the shining stars,  
And find out where this son of  
mars

Has gone to seek a life of ease.

I guess he is beyond the seas:

I told you all a week ago,

That San Domingo was not slow;

I told you all that he would fly—

In other lands his luck to try;

You ask me is his capture true;

Why don't you ask me something  
new?"

All hands believe the novel tale,

Not soon shall this affair be stale;

We all know it is not a lie,

It is confirmed by and by:

The news is scattered far and  
wide—

But still the Unions in their pride,

Will not the luckless city yield;

For with their strong walls for a  
shield,

The ancient ramparts will they  
hold;

Against the fierce insurgents  
bold.

We know not now who holds the  
reins;

But doubt that they have got the  
means—

To keep the city very long;

Although their ramparts may be  
strong.

They have but two "Wet Stern  
Janes,"

And San Domingo is in chains;

And if this story is not true—

Then from his post the fellow  
flew:

He is no longer on the ground,

And he is nowhere to be found.

Our ship lies three miles from  
the town,

Three miles upon the harbor  
down;

And as the rebels are so strong,

They will not now wait very long,

For a fierce charge upon their foe;

Whose strength is now so very low

We all expect this very night,

To see the climax of the fight;

And as they may the city take,

In which case robbers may break;

All through the town a haul to  
make.

We lift our anchor in the bay,

And towards the city steam away,

And at short distance from the  
town;

Again we throw our anchor down.

The city we are now quite near,

The consul has no cause for fear;

For if the rebs the city take,

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NOTE.—Mr. O'Leary here made a mistake for once. General San Domingo did not desert his country; he retreated to Barnquilla after the battle of Baru; but this was not known at Carthagena for some time after

No robbers can his castle break;  
 The ship "Powhatan" is at hand,  
 Our sailors and marines to land.  
 These gallant children of the  
     wave,  
 The consul from all hurt to save.

All hands expect a bloody fight,  
 On Carthagera's walls to-night:  
 The rebel five strong ships to  
     come,  
 And show us that they are not  
     dumb;

We all expect to see their fleet—  
 Come up the Unionists to beat;  
 Come up the luckless town to  
     blow:

To break the ramparts of the foe;  
 Their shells into the town to  
     throw.

The night on us has fallen down,  
 We see no fighting by the town,  
 And through the darkness of the  
     night—

We do not see the flash of light!  
 That tells us that a gun is fired;  
 Of waiting we are getting tired.  
 We do not hear a gun's report—  
 From city, castle, ship or fort;  
 The rebel fleet keeps far away,  
 At their headquarters down the  
     bay;

The rebels have deferred the fray.  
 We never saw the place so quiet;  
 A shot has not been fired to-  
     night.

The rebels have deferred the  
     hour;  
 But in their might, and strength  
     and power;  
 They will attack the city yet,  
 On this attack their minds are  
     set;  
 Their fleet before the town shall  
     lie;

And at poor Carthagera fly.  
 With all their missiles small and  
     great,  
 And thus decide their country's  
     fate.

FRIDAY, APRIL 24th.  
 Of fighting there was none next  
     day,

The rebels keep their ships away,  
 But are preparing for the fray.  
 The sun goes down and comes  
     again,

Gaitan and all his gallant men,  
 Are on the war path now once  
     mure,

In all their strength on sea and  
     shore,

Their fire upon the town to pour.

The sun is shining hot and gay,  
 The rebel fleet is on the bay.

Will they attack the town to-day?  
 The gallant rebels are alive,  
 And with their fighting vessels  
     five,

For Carthagera will they strive.  
 The smallest vessel in the fleet,  
 Comes first the Unionists to meet;  
 She fires upon Castle le Grand,  
 Which by the Union troops is  
     manned.

The gunboat's brave and gallant  
     men.

Fire at the Union troops again.  
 The Unionists their bullets throw  
 Upon the daring little foe,  
 Which steams up steadily but  
     slow.

The Unions from behind their  
     walls,  
 Fire off their bullets, shells and  
     balls.

Both sides this morning are in  
     luck,  
 For not a single man is struck.

The other ships are standing by,  
 Away inactively they lie;  
 A single shot they do not try,  
 Upon the Unionists on land.

Of course their programme has  
 been planned,  
 In time they all shall give a hand.

Beyond the foeman's range of  
 fire,

Does the brave gunboat now re-  
 tire,

And meets her gallant consorts  
 four,

And they are waiting for some  
 more,

For some more ships will come to  
 aid,

The rebels in their grand block-  
 ade.

The Unions are most closely pent;  
 An ultimatum now is sent

To the commander of the town,  
 To pull his haughty banner down,

By six o'clock P. M. this day,  
 Or they will shell the town away;

In short, they will bombard the  
 town!

And burn every building down!  
 But they for space give this one

chance,  
 'Ere on the city they advance.

The night is sweetly falling down  
 On Carthagera bay and town,

On tower and barrack, wall and  
 dock;

It is the hour of six o'clock.  
 What answer have the rebels got?

Will the bold Unions fight or  
 not?

What noise is that? Is that a  
 shot?

The Unions fire a heavy shell,  
 Which plainly does their mean-  
 ing tell;

Their food is poor, their strength  
 is slender,  
 But that one shot means "No Sur-  
 render!!!"

They never, never shall give in,  
 To this strong force of rebel men!  
 To brave Gaitan and all his host;  
 Who though they hold the bay  
 and coast,

Shall not get in except by storm,  
 Which for the rebels shall be  
 warm!

The rival forts fire hard and fast,  
 All hopes of peace are gone and  
 past!

There is no prospect now of  
 peace,

And although in an hour they  
 cease,

And do no firing more to-night;  
 We all expect a heavy fight

Shall very, very soon take place.  
 The rebels will the city face,

And fight their foes at gate and  
 wall,

Although one-half of them may  
 fall,

With bullet, bayonet, shell and  
 ball.

The battle to come off is bound,  
 On Carthagera's bloody ground;

For neither side will bow or bend,  
 They will fight to the bitter end.

The silent midnight hour is come,  
 All forts and batteries are dumb.

The Unions on Castel le Grand.  
 No longer by their stronghold

stand;  
 Their castle they evacuate;

With all their arms small and  
 great,

And to the city they retreat,  
 With hasty but with noiseless feet;  
 No bugle blows, no drum is beat.

The famous spot is lone and bare,  
 No living creature now is there;  
 It is deserted and alone,  
 No party does the fortress own.  
 The rebs can now the fortress win,

They peacefully may enter in;  
 But the brave rebels do not know  
 That 'tis deserted by the foe;  
 And uselessly will ply their balls  
 Against the bare forsaken walls.

---

### THE DESERTER.

Jack Kane has from the galley  
 run,

Our gallant friend is on for fun,  
 Jack Kane his liberty has won!  
 He cut the string which had him  
 tied,

He flew from Jerry Coughlin's  
 side,

He now has got a playground  
 wide.

He did a very naughty thing,  
 In cutting Jerry Coughlin's  
 string;

But Jacko now can have his fling.  
 He is upon the rigging high,  
 Half way between the deck  
 and sky,

And the whole ship does he defy.  
 He now is breathing freedom's  
 air,

For the whole ship he does not  
 care,

For in him there is nothing soft.  
 Our friend Jack Kane has gone  
 aloft,

To look at Carthagena town,  
 Upon his shipmates to look down.  
 About the rigging does he run,  
 Our gallant friend enjoys his fun!

He had been tied, he now is free,  
 He gazes on the deep blue sea;  
 He gazes on the briny main,  
 On him there is no cord or chain,  
 A happy man is Mister Kane!  
 Aloft in the "Powhatan's" trees.

He breathes his healthy native  
 breeze;

And thinks of the good days of  
 yore,  
 When with his kin he lived ashore,  
 Will Jacko see them any more?

His shipmates call him down on  
 deck,

Their calling does he little reck,  
 Aloft he makes his cozy nest,  
 Where he most peacefully may  
 rest,

And pass the pleasant night  
 away;

While through the rigging all  
 the day,

With ropes and ladders he can  
 play.

To run him down his shipmates  
 try,

But from their clutches does he  
 fly;

He knows they have for him a  
 chain,

They can't lay hands on Mister  
 Kane!

He has his freedom now three  
 days;

His shipmates tried a hundred  
 ways,

To coax him from his lofty nest,  
 But Mister Kane they cannot  
 best.

Again he will not wear a chain,

A citizen is Mister Kane!

They spy him now on the jib-boom,

Where there is little very room.

I mean there is no room to spare,  
He has his footing to a hair.

His shipmates think they have  
him caught,

But Jacko thinks that they have  
not;

And Scissors on him makes a  
drive,

But Jack is active and alive,

And flies up to the very end;

He flies just like the very wind,

But Scissors and some other  
blues,

Will not this chance of Jacko  
lose,

Along the jibboom do they run,

All hands aboard enjoy the fun;

Upon the boom's bare end is he,

Beneath him is the briny sea,

And Mister Kane will yet be free!

He now is out upon the top.

Aboard the ship he will not stop,  
Into the sea does Jacko drop!

The news flies like the wind,

That Jacko from the ship has  
skinned;

He would serve Uncle Sam no  
mere,

He now is making for the shore,

Where the insurgent army lies,

But on him are too many eyes;

He now is swimming through the  
main,

No more to wear a string or chain,

A happy man is Mister Kane.

He well knows how to use his  
limbs,

And for the rebel camp he swims,

To join the army of Gaitan.

The rebs shall have another man!

To help to put the Unions down,

And to take Carthagena town.

And Jack makes for the rebel  
shore,

To join Gaitan's insurgent corps;

But it was otherwise decreed,

Not one of us our fate can lead;

But we must all submit to fate,

However high or low our state.

A boat is sent to capture Jack,

To bring the bold deserter back.

Six oars are quickly on the bend,

The boat flies like the very wind;

In hopes to get a high reward,

For bringing Master Jack aboard,

The rowers do their muscles  
strain,

And soon came up with Mr. Kane.

They pick him quickly from the  
tide,

And haul him o'er the cutter's  
side;

Though very hard did he resist,

He struggled hard with tooth and  
fist,

And bit the coxswain on the  
wrist.

Two other sailors, too, he bit,

But to his fate he should submit.

The boat back to the gangway  
came,

All hands are calling Jacko's  
name,

And Jack is feeling rather tame;

His pride is sorely mortified,

For in the galley he is tied,

With a secure and firm chain,

In irons bound is Mister Kane.

His liberty he could not win,

Though he tried very hard to  
skin;

He is with Jerry back again,  
 A sadder but a wiser man,  
 He cannot go to join Gaitan.  
 He now has got a quarantine,  
 Ashore he shall not soon be seen,

For three long months he here  
 must stay,  
 For his desertion must he pay.  
 He must stop here and kiss his  
 chain;  
 Alas! alas! for Mister Kane.

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### *BURNING OF ASPINWALL.*

The rebels rule in Aspinwall,  
 The Union flag they fly,  
 All through this cruel, bloody  
 brawl  
 Their power has here been high.

No longer are they rebels now,  
 They are the powers that be,  
 And to no Union will they bow,  
 They rule on land and sea.

The customs do they gather here,  
 As their foes did before,  
 The Union party are in fear,  
 And stand outside the door.

The Union party are outside,  
 And look the city down;  
 Their time most patiently they  
 bide,  
 To charge upon the town.

The Union side is getting strong,  
 And stronger every day,  
 And will not now wait very long,  
 They will commence the fray.

The rebels see their rival's power,  
 Their foemen hold the land;  
 They see their foes from wall and  
 tower,  
 And know they cannot stand.

They must evacuate the town,  
 The Unions will come in,  
 But Aspinwall shall burn down  
 Before the foe shall win.

They place the blazing faggot hot  
 Beneath the humble thatch,  
 And instantly the flame is caught;  
 Too quickly does it catch.

They place the blazing faggot red,  
 Within the rich man's hall,  
 And all about the fire is spread,  
 Alas! for Aspinwall!

They place the blazing faggot  
 bright,  
 The poor man's roof beneath,  
 The city is one blaze of light!  
 The foe may show his teeth.

The people from their houses run,  
 Men, women, children all,  
 Half naked in the broiling sun,  
 Alas! for Aspinwall!

Some people to their churches fly,  
 And some run to the quays,  
 And some to save their houses try,  
 But all are in a blaze!

For instantly the fire is spread;  
 All timber houses fall;  
 The city is one blaze of red:  
 Alas! for Aspinwall!

The rebels' cruel work is done;  
 The place is burned down,  
 And from the burning place they  
 run—  
 Their rivals have the town.



Most quickly in the Unions pour  
 The rebs are gone away;  
 Oh! Aspinwall, thy case is sore;  
 Where shall thy people stay?

The Unionists and people all  
 Combine for one good cause:  
 They try to save poor Aspinwall  
 With water, stream and hose.

With hose and water do they play  
 Upon the burning town.  
 Next morning at the break of  
 day,  
 The fire is coming down.

Large streams of water do they  
 drop  
 The burning city o'er:  
 And day or night they never stop  
 Till fire is seen no more.

There is one building in the place,  
 In this devoted town,  
 Which the insurgents do not face,  
 And dare not burn down.

The Consul of the Stripes and  
 Stars,

His house is guarded well  
 By brave marines and gallant tars,  
 With musket, ball and shell.

Far away in Carthagera  
 The ship "Powhatan" lay,  
 But her consort, the "Galena,"  
 Is here this awful day.

And the Galena's noble crew,  
 Marines and sailors brave,  
 Have done all in their power to do,  
 The citizens to save.

The fire of Aspinwall is quenched,  
 From town wall to the shore;  
 With water is the city drenched,  
 The flame is seen no more.

The fire of Aspinwall is gone,  
 But still the deadly brawl  
 Between the rival sides goes on,  
 But not in Aspinwall.

In ruins is the good old town;  
 Its streets are lone and bare;  
 Its buildings all are burned down;  
 No Aspinwall is there!

### *SWIMMING PARTY ON EASTER SUNDAY.*

On Easter Sunday afternoon, eighteen and eighty-five,  
 Three of our petty officers, in humor for a dive,  
 In humor for a swim upon sweet Carthagera bay,  
 Where our good ship the "Powhatan" at anchor safely lay,  
 They asked the first lieutenant for his leave to go ashore,  
 In company with two marines, full privates in the corps.

He gave them leave to go ashore to sail across the bay,  
 And told them to enjoy themselves the balance of the day,  
 He told them to enjoy themselves according to their bent,  
 And with them four good sailors with a little boat he sent;  
 The little boat makes good her way the lovely harbor through,  
 And of this pleasure party we will have a grand review.

Jepson the ships writer held the rudder; in his hand,  
 And piloted our little boat most skilfully to land,  
 He is a long time on the sea, apprentice boy and man,  
 And to a cozy bathing ground our little boat he ran.

And our apothecary with his hand upon an oar,  
 Was one of this gay company now making for the shore,  
 His name is Henry Wimmer; he is up to every game,  
 A gallant fearless swimmer and from New York he came;  
 He is good at his profession, can cure all sailors ills,  
 He understands diseases all; and medicines and pills.

Our engineer's gay yeoman, he was of the party too,  
 And with good spirit pulled an oar upon the harbor blue;  
 He is a Southern by birth, from Norfolk town he came;  
 Virginia is his native earth and Powell is his name.

And Private James O'Doherty is on to have his dive,  
 And his comrade William Harvey now completes the list of five,  
 O'Doherty good service saw upon dry land and ocean  
 And more than once has he attained the badges of promotion.

From Canada bold Harvey came, the English flag was flying,  
 And to the states he made his way his fortune to be trying,  
 He might have struck good luck at home but our bold hero missed it,  
 He made his way to Brooklyn town and in the corps enlisted.

They step ashore, they doff their clothes, and rush into the sea,  
 And swim about like porpoises, so careless light and free,  
 They run in on the shore again so sandy, smooth and fine,  
 And plunge into the waves again, the five are in a line:  
 They swim and dive, these gallant five enjoy themselves like fish:  
 They now have got a splendid bath which was their dearest wish.

How cool and pleasant is a swim when heat is very high;  
 How sweet to plunge about the sea and on the waves to lie,  
 How sweet to plunge head foremost in and have a cooling dive,  
 So felt our gallant company, our pleasure seeking five.

They dress themselves, they walk about, they all go for a tramp,  
 They walk about the country till they reach the rebel camp,  
 The rebels do their bayonets fix and charge upon them down,  
 They think our heroes are their foes from Carthage town,  
 They fire, but their wild bullets do not strike our gallant five;  
 They fall a pretty distance off, our heroes are alive!

They dreamt not of a battle so they fly a flag of truce,  
 The rebels see their great mistake and throw their arms loose,  
 The rebel general comes out, apologies to make,  
 And begs a thousand pardons for the sentinel's mistake.

He invites our gallant swimmers with his officers to dine,  
 And with them a good time they have on plenty Rhenish wine,  
 They drink the health of Uncle Sam, Gaitan and San Domingo,  
 In English and in Spanish, and other sorts of lingo:  
 They drink to Paddy Bolivar, to their dear friends at home,  
 They drink to Grover Cleveland and the holy Pope of Rome.

With colonels and with generals they had their wine to-day,  
 But they must go aboard their ship no longer can they stay,  
 Oh what a jolly time they had while in the rebel camp,  
 And oh! how merry did they feel when on the backward tramp.  
 They get aboard the vessel and with spirits light and gay  
 They tell of the good times they had and how they spent the day,  
 How with the rebel officers this Sunday did they dine,  
 And what a jolly time they had on plenty Rhenish wine.

Their shipmates hear the story and, by Jove! they are amazed,  
 And for their hospitality the rebels how they praised;  
 And Easter Sunday afternoon eighteen and eighty five,  
 All hands shall think with pleasure on while on this earth alive.

### *MINSTREL TROUP AT CARTHAGENA,*

(APRIL 14, 1885.)

In old Carthagenia too long have we been,  
 Of town and of harbor enough have we seen,  
 We are sick of the country, the climate, the war,  
 And our hearts are away o'er the ocean afar;  
 For the last seven days but two shots have they fired,  
 And they will not have peace though of war they are tired,  
 And our ship shall not sail till the fighting shall cease,  
 Till the Unions and rebs have agreed to a peace.

Some of our good shipmates quite sick of the port,  
 Got a sweet concert up for the company's sport.  
 On the fourteenth of April at eight in the night,  
 Did the concert come off with the gay candle light;  
 As a theatre now is our quarterdeck seen,  
 And the flags of three nations are used as a screen;  
 Behind three fine banners our minstrels are dressed,  
 And now on the stage they appear in their best.

Mister Albee, the manager, comes to the front,  
 Two gallant ships' companies faces to brunt,  
 For with Britain's proud sailors our decks now are full;  
 The soldiers and sailors of mighty John Bull.  
 From the great English vessel beside us which lay,

Have come to enjoy the sweet music and play,  
We have the best half of the "Canada's" crew,  
And almost the whole of her officers too.

To the front does bold Albee, the manager, come,  
And by Jove, he is not either bashful or dumb!  
With the air of an actor in walk and in face,  
In the front of the stage does he now take his place;  
He looks quite theatrical, lofty and grand,  
He now introduces the dark minstrel band.  
He goes to the rear of the three bannered screen—  
And all in their glory the minstrels are seen,

The stage is quite spacious, convenient and wide,  
And all our dark minstrels appear in their pride;  
And now for the joke, and the song and the dance;  
Our gay gallant minstrels all forward advance:  
And song after song on the stage do they sing,  
How their musical voices with harmony ring;  
And the splendid hurrahs which they everywhere hear;  
Prove that all their gay music is sweet to the ear.

By Mister Fred. Jepson, the banjo is played,  
And with sweet vocal music, the company aid;  
George Murphy then sings a fine comical song,  
And stout Louis Becke, helps him ably along:  
And Mister George Sheldon sings tenor so sweet;  
The audience call loudly on him to repeat.  
Joe Graham and Baker, a nigger sketch show;  
And the audience at once into laughter they throw.

It could not by amateurs better be done,  
And all hands enjoy the sweet music and fun;  
For the minstrels threw out many pieces of wit,  
To the time and the place, and the company fit:  
Which are hugely enjoyed by the audience in blue;  
Our shipmates, and also the "Canada's" crew.  
The great English officers, blues and marines,  
Are entranced by the music, the wit and the scenes.  
Our friend, Mister Jackson, was boss of the hatch,  
And for smartness of tongue he has not got a match;  
His jokes were so rich, and so keen was their drift—  
That the sailors of England, compared him to Swift.  
"Why is our good ship, like a desert?" asked he:  
All hands were unable the likeness to see;  
But our eyes very quickly were opened out wide—  
"We are so short of water!" bold Jackson replied.

By Mister Tom Eason, some smart things were said,  
 For Tom has a clever theatrical head;  
 He gave us some riddles so strange and so new;  
 That he puzzled the heads of the audience in blue.  
 "Why should we want Moses, aboard this good ship?"  
 A dead silence falls on each mariner's lip.  
 "As we can get no water;" did Eason, reply:  
 "By the touch of his staff, from a gun it should fly!"

The comical parts of a husband and wife,  
 Were now acted ably and true to the life;  
 They were both of the noble, dark African race,  
 And by Jove, they were both black enough in the face.  
 The young nigger husband was Mister George Pratt,  
 And he wore a rakish and comical hat;  
 And his wife was a tall nigger lady so fair;  
 With a figure so grand and a beauty so rare.

The name of this fair one was sweet Agilade,  
 And upon our gay boys great impression she made;  
 How they envied George Pratt, such a wife to possess,  
 And she seemed not to be very lavish in dress.  
 Her garments were simple; devoid of all show,  
 Her money on folly she never will throw;  
 She is just the lass for a sailor to take,  
 And Mister George Pratt has come in for a stake.

When this fair young lady was in private life,  
 And before she became Mister Pratt's loving wife;  
 Her name was George Ufford, she followed the sea,  
 And in the blue navy a fireman was she.  
 Tom Eason comes out as our friend, "Mister Bones,"  
 And bold Billy Bocker and Charles H. Jones;  
 Lift up the grand screen, to the stage they advance,  
 And they give us two songs and a comical dance.

Joe Byrnes, quite fresh from Ould Erin's green sod.  
 Out, out on the stage like an Irishman trod;  
 The stage was supposed Castle Garden to be—  
 And Joe to be just after crossing the sea.  
 But Mister Joe Byrnes was not quite alone;  
 He had a sweet colleen he meant for his own—  
 Sweet Biddy Mahoney. so fresh, fair and free;  
 And so red in the face from the air of the sea.

And Biddy Mahoney was true to the core,  
 And acted to nature the garment she wore;  
 No amateur actress could do it as well;

Her look, voice and carriage—so perfectly tell.  
 She is but a pure, simple Irish colleen;  
 But she acted her part on the stage like a queen,  
 Her name off the stage is not Biddy, but Con;  
 To the rear of the screen darling Biddy is gone.

A feeble old nigger comes out on the stage;  
 A hundred and one are the years of his age,  
 How weak and how trembling this nigger appears;  
 With the weight of twelve months and a hundred long years.  
 His gait is so nervous, so feeble and slow,  
 And his name, as he tells us is "Old Black Joe:"  
 He limps from the stage, getting weaker and fainter;  
 He is Mister Packard, our gallant ship's painter.

A grand country gentleman on for the chase,  
 In the front of the stage takes a prominent place;  
 For the fox hunt this day, does his sporting heart long,  
 And while waiting to start; does he give us a song.  
 He sings the wild song of the huntsman in red,  
 While his hunter to him from the stable is led,  
 And his noble hounds rush to the wild chase along,  
 As Mister John Lynwood has finished his song.

The most beautiful song which was sung to night  
 Was the great naval war song "The Midshipmite,"  
 We were lost in amaze 'twas so splendidly sung  
 And it came from the wonderful chest and lung  
 Of bold Michael Scanlam a native of France,  
 He put the ships' companies all in a trance,  
 From his musical chest did the melody spring,  
 And it soared through the air like an eagle on wing!  
 For our gay gallant Frenchman knows well how to sing.

In this way the night passed serenely along,  
 The audience quite lost in the dance and the song,  
 And the thrilling hurrahs and the clapping of hands,  
 From the sons of so many far different lands,  
 Prove plainly that all are entranced in the scenes,  
 And before the last act of the fall of the screens,  
 One loud peal of song on the night air is rung,  
 Our national anthem is gloriously sung.



# CONTINUATION OF THE SIEGE OF CARTHAGENA.

Forsaken is Castel le Grand,  
And vacant the surrounding land;  
A rebel boat comes up to see,  
How their dear friends the Unions  
be;

And for salute a shell she throws  
Against the ramparts of her foes:  
The rebels fire and fire away.  
Upon the empty walls they play:  
The Unions do not answer make,  
No notice of the fire they take.  
The rebels cannot understand  
This silence cold of Castel Grand,  
But come still closer to the land;  
They slowly steam the fort beside;  
All eyes are opened clear and wide;  
Suspecting that a trap is set,  
To catch them in the foeman's net.

A landing party step ashore,  
And walk inside the open door;  
They find the fortress lone and  
bare,

A human being is not there,  
Evacuated is the spot,  
The rebs have now possession got,  
More boats and soldiers quickly  
land;

A rebel fort is Castel Grand.

This night in line the soldiers fall,  
And come close by the city wall,  
About five hundred yards or so,  
From the strong ramparts of the  
foe,

The sight of which they do not  
fear,

They pitch their tents undaunted  
here,

Beneath the port holes of the foe,  
Who on them do their missiles  
throw:

But the insurgents never care,

No bullets can these rebels scare,  
They build their breastworks on  
the spot,

Regardless of the firing hot,  
The shells, the bullets and the  
balls,

From Carthagenas awful walls!  
By moonlight and by light of sun,  
And here they mount a heavy  
gun,

On Carthagenas walls to play,  
By darkness and by light of day,  
Upon the town to fire away,  
And while the siege was on the  
town,

This gun was never beaten down,  
It fired up to the very last,  
And at the Unions did it blast,  
It did its duty through the fray,  
Undauntedly both night and day,  
And on the bloody eighth of May,  
Five hours unceasingly it blazed,  
And ceased not till the siege was  
raised.

The awful hour has come at last;  
All skirmishing is gone and past;  
Both parties in their might and  
power,

Go in for fight this awful hour;  
Before poor Carthagenas town:  
They fight to beat each other  
down.

Our vessel lies upon the deep,  
And every man is sound asleep,  
When suddenly the awful fight,  
Comes on at one o'clock at night,  
And by the noise we are awake;  
Our sleep for this one night is  
broke;

We run on deck to see the fray;  
We stop there till the break of  
day—

It is the awful eighth of May!

*GRAND ASSAULT ON CARTHAGENA.*

(MORNING OF MAY 8th, 1885.)

On Carthagena's ancient walls, the night has fallen down,  
 The pale moonlight most dimly falls on harbor and on town;  
 The fighting men of Nunez are retiring for the night,  
 And have no expectation with the enemy to fight.  
 The bulk of all the garrison are sound and fast asleep,  
 But very sharp and close the watch the men on duty keep;  
 The sentries keep a careful watch, wide open is each eye,  
 For close by Carthagena's walls the plucky rebels lie.

The city is surrounded and her gateways are not free,  
 The city is blockaded well by country and by sea,  
 By men who fight for that good cause—the liberty of man.  
 The rebels of Colombia, commanded by Gaitan,  
 Who with his heavy fighting ships upon the town has laid,  
 An awful, hungry, terrible and merciless blockade;  
 So that before his mighty host the ancient town may fall,  
 And the poor people are half-starved inside the city wall.

How very dark and dim the night, the seventh night of May,  
 But little fighting had there been before the town to-day;  
 The night is very silent now, so very calm and clear.  
 That the click of a small rifle from the city we could hear.  
 The sentinels are watching close by ocean and by land,  
 On Carthagena's ancient walls like soldiers do they stand.  
 Each sentinel most closely is hard watching at his post,  
 For the assault of brave Gaitan and his insurgent host.

A very slow and random fire strikes on the city wall,  
 Of which the gallant sentinels no notice take at all.  
 They are too much accustomed to this tiresome sort of fight,  
 So they take little notice of these random shots to-night.  
 The solemn hour of one at night has on the world come,  
 The bold insurgents go to work, no longer are they dumb;  
 From their two fighting vessels which outside the city stand,  
 They fire upon the city walls from ocean and from land.

The rebel bark "Colombia" is firing on the town,  
 The Union soldiers to destroy and pull the ruler down;  
 To pull the haughty Nunez from his mighty seat of power,  
 The rebels of Colombia charge on this awful hour.  
 The gallant man-of-war "Gaitan" bombards the town as well,  
 With all her missiles small and great, with bullet and with shell;  
 While from the camp of Isle de Grand more fire the rebels rain.  
 The town is hotly battered from the island and the main.

The Union soldiers in the town jump madly from their sleep,  
 To drive the daring rebels back and shoot them down like sheep;  
 From all the open windows and the portholes in the walls,  
 The Union army fire away their great and little balls;  
 The flashes are incessant from the Union muskets fire,  
 And through this awful morning long the soldiers never tire;  
 They fire into the rebel lines with all their might and power,  
 And thirty thousand musket shots are fired each mortal hour.

No words can tell the grandeur of the rifles' flashing light;  
 The scene was most terrific in the darkness of the night.  
 Each soldier in his turn to the barrack windows came,  
 And two hundred rifle flashes were incessantly aflame.  
 Out through the barrack windows do the Union soldiers fire,  
 And as each soldier has got through with speed does he retire;  
 Another soldier takes his place and fires a musket shot,  
 I fear that the poor rebs outside shall find it rather hot.

The rebel bark and gunboat they are firing shot and shell,  
 And each big gun the rebels fire upon the foe must tell;  
 They do not want to scarce the foe, destruction is their game,  
 And every shell from these two ships is sent with deadly aim.  
 They fire upon the barracks and the soldiers on the walls,  
 With steady aim the rebels ply their great and little balls;  
 And from the camp of Isle de Grand the rebs are firing too,  
 The Unions may repulse them, but they shall have work to do.

Two hours have passed since one o'clock, the fire has never ceased,  
 From half past one to two o'clock the awful fire increased;  
 From two to three the bloody fight continued much the same,  
 Till both sides we imagined should be weary of the game.  
 At three o'clock the Union fire commences to get slow,  
 Most probably their magazine is getting rather low;  
 The rebel fire is still the same, it is not going down,  
 They rain their heavy blazing shells on Carthagera town.

The rebel fire is steady at a quarter after three,  
 With their small guns from the Island and their big guns from  
 the sea;

The Unions still are firing, but their fire is rather still,  
 When all perceive a sudden fire hot blazing on the hill!  
 Below the convent on the hill a bonfire is ablaze,  
 Both rebs and Unions cease their fire; upon it do they gaze.  
 On the good ship "Powhatan's" decks we witness all the fight,  
 Between the rebs and Unions in the darkness of the night,

Both armies at the bonfire bright with eager feeling gaze,

When the great struggle of the night assumes another phase.  
 The rebels' lofty castle which was silent all the night,  
 Awakes upon an instant and engages in the fight.  
 The castle which had been all night as silent as the tomb,  
 Now throw her shells within the walls for Carthage's doom;  
 While all the country round about, at that side of the town,  
 Is swarming with insurgents fresh to charge the city down.

They had laid silent here all night, as silent as the grave,  
 But silence was their programme, for Gaitan such order gave;  
 They had laid silent two long hours, so silent and so still.  
 Until they saw the bonfire by the convent on the hill.  
 Eleven hundred rebels fresh fire on the city fast,  
 Their bullets with unerring aim within the walls they cast;  
 The flashes of their muskets and the castle's heavy balls,  
 Outshine the grandeur of the scene at midnight on the walls.

The Union soldiers on the wall at the adjacent side,  
 Fire hard upon the rebels all and share their bullets wide;  
 From wall and field most hotly at each other do they blaze,  
 When at another place the fight assumes another phase.  
 Two hundred brave insurgents come the city wall beneath,  
 Of whom a portion mount the wall and show the foe their teeth;  
 Undauntedly they scale the walls of Carthage town,  
 Regardless of the Union balls hot raining on them down.

Two hundred rebels mount the wall; the hour is half past three,  
 With scaling ladders do they mount from off the briny sea;  
 When they are met on every side by their half-savage foe.  
 For two hours in one spot they stand, no further can they go,  
 The Unions rained upon them with their small and Gatling guns.

It was a hot and dreadful hour for this poor nation's sons:  
 It was a hot and bloody fight hard by the city wall,  
 And noble, brave, courageous men in tens and dozens fall.

By general Hernandez was this storming party led:  
 The gallant rebel general is numbered with the dead:  
 And of his gallant company do thirty men lie low,  
 And sixty and a hundred men are captured by the foe.  
 The Unions have the best of it; the rebels they are beat,  
 And those who can and know the way make good use of their feet,  
 But most of all this noble band were captured on the ground;  
 And are put into prison strong and with hard irons bound.

A few escape their enemies though barely half alive,  
 And safely get aboard their ships, a quarter after five.  
 The treble fire continues still from castle, fleet and walls:

The dawn of day finds all at work exchanging leaden balls.  
 The gallant bark "Colombia" fought well this awful night,  
 And six men of her noble crew are wounded in the fight:  
 She is retreating from the scene, the fight is nearly o'er;  
 When one last shot from off the walls knocks down the Commodore.

The commodore is dying, the commander of the fleet!  
 A shell has blown his shoulder off while leading the retreat.  
 He is a true American and Eckert is his name;  
 For fighting skill and courage high exalted is his fame.  
 All night upon the bloody deck undaunted had he stood,  
 While friends and foes on every side were wallowing in blood;  
 And now when danger seemed all past and all the fighting o'er,  
 The last big gun from off the walls has killed the commodore!

Another blessed day has dawned, the sun is shining bright;  
 But oh! How many gallant men have fallen through the night?  
 How many noble rebels in the field are lying low?  
 From bullets rained upon them by the hungry Union foe?  
 And of the haughty Unionists how many did there fall?  
 How many bold insurgents have been killed outside the wall?  
 We know the gallant general and commodore are dead,  
 But where are all the fighting men whom they so nobly led?

Of nine and twenty hundred rebs engaged in the assault,  
 A single soldier in advance was never seen to halt:  
 Of nine and twenty hundred rebs engaged in mortal fray,  
 But two and twenty hundred answer muster roll to-day:  
 Of nine and twenty hundred men are seven hundred missed,  
 For there are seven hundred names unanswered on the list.  
 It was a fearful loss to them far more than they can spare,  
 But men must be prepared to die who such an act will dare.

The Unions have the victory, the Unions have the day,  
 And all hands shall remember well the bloody eighth of May:  
 The rebs have been unlucky in their charge upon the town;  
 The Unions from behind their walls have beat the rebels down,  
 But the insurgents full of pluck were heroes every one,  
 Or right into the lion's mouth they never would have run:  
 Their bodies lie outside the walls unburied for a day,  
 Until at length their comrades come and bear them all away.

The Unions lost but nine men killed, their wounded list was ten,  
 And in this cruel bloody fray they are most lucky men!  
 Their strong and firm ramparts now have stood them in good stead,  
 They safely fired behind their walls and laid their foemen dead.  
 Two hundred rebs at least were killed, the wounded list was more:

They lost a gallant general, they lost their commodore.  
And sixty and a hundred men are captured by the wali;  
Into their foemen's tender hands as prisoners they fall.

This fight shall shine in history until the judgement day,  
This charge on Carthagera's walls upon the eighth of May:  
From off the ship "Powhatan's" decks we saw the awful fight;  
The scene was most terrific in the darkness of the night.  
The rebs have had the worst of it, disastrous is the blow  
Which they on Carthagera's walls got from the Union foe:  
But they were born heroes thus to scale that awful wall;  
A pity that in civil war such gallant men should fall.

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### *THE SIEGE IS RAISED.*

The rebs are beaten in the fray,  
They lost it on the eighth of May;  
They now are in a weakened state,  
Though they deserved a better fate:

Three hundred heroes sleep in gore:

They shall not face the city more:  
They will evacuate the shore.

The siege is raised, the town is free,

On every side, by land and sea:  
The rebels will no longer stay,  
Upon their ships they sail away,  
On Thursday the fourteenth of May.

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### *CAPTURE OF THE REBEL MAN-OF-WAR*

*"COMMANCHO" BY THE U. S. S. "POWHATAN,"*

(MAY 13TH, 1885)

It is the Thirteenth day of May,  
A ship is burning in the bay,  
She is an English schooner, too,  
The English flag she lately flew,  
Three weeks ago when she came here,

When she lay by the city near,  
With good provisions for the town,

Until the rebs came on her down;  
It was an unsuccessful trip;  
The rebels took the bonnie ship;  
They captured her outside the town,  
And pulled the English banner down,

And towed her off from where she lay,  
To their own village down the bay.

To the poor Unions' bitter woe  
Their food was taken by the foe;  
The bread, the coffee and the beef,  
Which had come for the town's relief,

Is taken from before their eyes,  
And has become the rebels' prize.  
The rebels are retreating now,  
But this food they will not allow  
In their foemen's hands to fall;  
They would prefer to burn all



Ere from the Unions they retreat,  
And leave their foes no food to  
eat,  
No bread, no coffee nor no meat.

It is the Thirteenth day of May,  
The sun is shining bright and gay;  
A rebel gunboat comes beside  
The English schooner on the tide.  
Upon her deck some rebels go,  
And in her hold some fire they  
throw,  
And then they quickly steam  
away

From where the luckless schooner  
lay;  
The schooner now is in a blaze,  
The Yankee sailors on her gaze.

An armed boat our Captain sends  
To meet his cool insurgent friends,  
Who now are steaming by with  
speed,  
But his salute they have to heed,  
For on our deck two surly guns  
Are pointed at Granada's sons.

The haughty rebels waive their  
pride,  
And the "Powhatan" come  
beside;  
They have good sense enough to  
know  
That 'twould not do to make a foe  
Of the "Powhatan's" captain  
now,  
That they would lose in such a  
row,  
And so they hang their native  
pride,  
And to our booms their ship is  
tied.

"Commancho" is the rebel's  
name,  
And very great and high her  
fame,

Since she to Carthagena came,  
She has fought gallantly and well,  
With musket, bullet, ball and  
shell;

But on sweet Carthagena bay,  
She is a captured ship to-day,  
This fatal Thirteenth day of May.

The captain of the gallant crew,  
Who did this fearful burning do,  
And four of his companions, too,  
An effort make to get away,  
From where their ship a captive  
lay,

And to escape across the bay;  
Into a small boat do they get,  
And to their oars at once they set,  
Which movement took our cap-  
tain's eye,

No use on him such a move to  
try;  
To these wild children of the  
south  
He showed at once a cannon's  
mouth;

Our captain tells the rebel bold  
That the "Commancho" he must  
hold,

With him and all his fighting  
crew,

His gallant rebels brave and true,  
In custody where now they lay,  
Until to Carthagena bay,  
The first great English man-of-  
war

Comes hither from Jamaica far;  
When to the English captain  
they

Will be surrendered on that day.  
They are surrendered to John  
Bull,

Who quickly hears the case in  
full;

The schooner's papers does he see:  
He gives the rebs their liberty.

*FAREWELL TO CARTHAGENA.*

(MAY 17th, 1885.)

Farewell Carthageria! Farewell to thy shore!  
 We shall never again see thy battlements more;  
 Farewell, sweetest town of the blue Spanish main,  
 We shall never again see thy ramparts again.  
 Farewell, sweetest town of the fair Indian sea;  
 We bid our farewell—Carthageria to thee.

Farewell to thy churches, thy barracks and walls,  
 And the deadly reports of thy bullets and balls;  
 Farewell to the heroes, who held by the town—  
 When the gallant insurgents assaulted them down.

Farewell to the officers, privates and all;  
 Who beat the insurgents away from the wall;  
 Farewell to all ranks, of the gallant and brave,  
 Who are now lying low and at rest in the grave.

Farewell to the Convent, the Castle and hill,  
 We fancy the rebs are hot firing there still;  
 Farewell gallant rebels, like heroes you fought;  
 In the front of the ramparts you died as men ought.

You died in the field with your face to the foe:  
 Farewell to the braves, who are fallen and low;  
 Farewell to the chiefs, who the awful charge led;  
 Farewell to the living, farewell to the dead.

*BOUND FOR KEY WEST.*

The war is over now at last,  
 The heavy fighting all is past;  
 The rebel fleet has sailed away—  
 From lovely Carthageria bay;  
 For three days longer did we  
 stay,

And then our anchor do we raise,  
 At town and forts again we gaze;  
 From Carthageria do we flee—  
 Our noble ship goes out to sea.  
 We pass our flagship on the way,  
 On Carthageria's lovely bay;  
 It is the seventeenth of May.

And only one is sore or sad;  
 He is not happy or at rest;  
 He does not care to see Key  
 West.

He is unhappy in the mind,  
 And is a captive close confined,  
 And with a heavy string is tied;  
 Which has nigh crushed his  
 native pride.

He is held by a heavy chain;  
 Our captive friend, is "Mister  
 Kane."

We are eight days and nights at  
 sea;  
 From Carthageria's bullets free;  
 Bound for the land of liberty,  
 Bound for a land that has no  
 slaves,

And proudly do we mount the  
 waves,  
 For sweet Key West is close at  
 hand.

*KEY WEST.*

(ENTERED ON MAY 25TH AND LEFT ON JUNE 7TH.)

We drop our anchor here and rest,  
 We're in the harbor of Key West,  
 We have been five long months  
 at sea,  
 And all are anxious to be free,  
 Though many countries we have  
 seen,  
 Ashore on leave we have not been;  
 'Tis time to break our quarantine.  
 The ship is coaled, we leave the  
 quay,  
 We are again upon the bay,  
 Where safe at anchor do we lay.  
 We anchor by Fort Taylor near,  
 For further orders we wait here;  
 To Brooklyn we expect to go,  
 Or if not there to Norfolk, so,  
 But we get liberty at least,  
 When hope of it was nearly past.  
 We all rejoiced; it was a boon;  
 It was I think the fourth of June.  
 One-half the men aboard the ship,  
 Got leave ashore to have a trip,  
 Enjoy themselves and have a  
 blow,  
 For four and twenty hours or so,  
 And then the other half could go.

All hands are back aboard the  
 ship,  
 The better of their pleasure trip;  
 They all are sober, sound and  
 hale,  
 The boat which brings them has  
 the mail.  
 In which are orders for our ship,  
 To take another ocean trip;  
 The ocean waves again to skip.  
 To-morrow morning without fail,  
 For sweet New York we are to  
 sail,  
 Most welcome is the morning  
 mail.

All hands rejoice to hear the  
 news,  
 Both soldiers, officers and blues;  
 We all are going home at last,  
 Our cruise is over now and past.  
 In coal and bread our ship is  
 found,  
 For Brooklyn City we are bound.  
 The ship may go no more to sea,  
 And then the crew will all be  
 free.

*HOMEWARD BOUND.*

THE STORM.

Our nobleship is bound for home,  
 No more the Spanish main to  
 roam;  
 For New York City we are bound,  
 No more to sail the world round.  
 We soon shall see the Jersey  
 shore,  
 Perhaps to go to sea no more.  
 It is our third night on the deep;  
 One half the crew is sound asleep:  
 We are one hundred miles from  
 shore;  
 A heavy rain begins to pour,

Such rain we never saw before,  
 Upon the bosom of the main.  
 We meet this awful fall of rain,  
 Down, down the hatches does it  
 run;  
 By Jove, we can't enjoy this fun,  
 The hatchways soon are covered  
 well,  
 No more upon the berthdeck fell,  
 But on the spardeck what a sight,  
 Did all hands witness through  
 the night,  
 All hands were wet as wet could be



Throughout this long and fearful  
night,  
The lightning's fearful flash of  
light  
Was ev'ry moment to be seen  
By each brave sailor and marine;  
The rain continued all next day,  
Our close companion it would  
stav,  
There was no dry spot on the  
deck,  
For sleepy man to lay his neck;  
Again on the succeeding night,  
With heavy rain we had to fight;  
It raises rust on Jacko's chain,  
In temper bad is Mister Kane!

But now the wind is getting low,  
And on our course again we go:  
The heavy sea is going down —  
We steam away for Brooklyn  
town;  
That we are near, we know right  
well;  
The very water, we can tell,  
And Coney Island we can smell,  
The hearts of all are full of joy,  
Each sailor, soldier, man and boy.  
It is the thirteenth day of June,  
And glorious is the afternoon.

All, all are glad to see the shore,  
And vow to go to sea no more,

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*NEW YORK HARBOR.—(Conclusion.)*

With what joy do we gaze on Manhattan once more,  
And on sweet Staten Island's magnificent shore:  
And on gay Coney Island, so fresh and so green;  
There is not on the earth so enchanting a scene.

See the lovely green shores on our ship's noble beams,  
Could we fancy such scene in our wildest of dreams;  
As the beautiful view now exposed to the eye:  
The sweetest and fairest beneath the blue sky.

In the midst of a scene; the most lovely are we—  
New York's mighty town in the distance we see:  
We are on the gay Hudson, so broad and so blue;  
How welcome the sight to our noble ship's crew.

The green shores of Jersey, our longing eyes meet;  
Could we dream of a scene more enchantingly sweet  
Than the landscape exposed to our wondering gaze; }  
Are we in our right senses or lost in amaze?

Our cruising is finished; our toiling is over,  
And we gaze in delight on Manhattan's sweet shore;  
To the Navy Yard up in two days we shall go,  
For a general furlough all hands have a show.

There are good times in store for our soldiers and blues,  
On the Bow'ry next week we can all have a cruise;  
We can cruise through New York from all discipline free,  
And forget all the dangers of storm or the sea.



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